The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1931 NUMBER 868

Contents

The Week 243

Editorials

The German Crisis 246
Russia Discards from Strength 247
The Triumphant Village 248

General Articles

Has Mexico Betrayed Her Revolution? ..... Carleton Beals 249
Two Protests ..... Edmund Wilson 251
Boom Times in the Laboratory ..... James Rorty 253
Lynch Law in Action ..... Hilton Butler 256
Notes on Fascism in Italy Today: I ... Stark Young 258
Two Sonnets ..... Herbert Gorman and Lynn Riggs 260
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 261
Played Straight ..... Malcolm Cowley 262

Correspondence 263

Reviews of Books

The Author of "John Deth" ..... Allen Tate 265
The Terror of the Damyankees ..... Henry Steele Commager 266
She Didn't Walk Home ..... Hugh Hardyman 267
Paychecks for the Unemployed ..... Leo Wolman 267
Easy Does It ..... Hazel Hawthorne 268
Book Notes 269

The Week

AS THIS issue of The New Republic is put on the press, Germany is in a state of temporary insolvency. Her banks are closed by state order because if they were open they would be subjected to disastrous runs. Her stock exchanges are also closed, in order to prevent panic selling. The government is taking every possible measure to prevent the transfer of funds abroad as part of the "flight from the mark," yet her currency has gone down, measured in terms of foreign money, to the lowest point in six years. This situation, so full of present distress and future danger, is due partly to the almost world-wide industrial depression, partly to mistakes by the government of the Reich, but most of all to the situation brought about in the struggle to pay reparations, and to France's insistence on driving a hard political bargain before extending to Germany the relief provided in the Hoover truce. Quite possibly means will be found to overcome the crisis and prevent a German revolution; but if so, it will be in spite of the Allies, and France in particular; they have disregarded all the warning signals of past months and years and have deliberately loaded upon Germany a burden which no nation should be asked to carry.

GERMANY and France in the present crisis are like two back-country neighbors living on bad terms. "My house is on fire," says Germany; "let me draw some water from your well."—"Use your own well," says France.—"It's gone dry."—"That's *your* bad luck."—"But aren't you going to help me at all?" pleads Germany.—"I'll let you have some water," says France, "on three conditions. First, you've got to bring back the lawn mower you borrowed last year."—"But I didn't borrow it. The lawn mower was mine in the first place."—"I'm not arguing," says France, "I'm telling you. Shall I go on with my three conditions?"—"You might as well."—"Second," France says, "you must promise not to keep any matches in the house. Third, if there's any water left over after putting out the fire, you must promise not to pour it on your garden or use it to water your stock."—"I can't promise that," says Germany.—"Suit yourself," France grumbles, closing the door in her face. And Germany goes trudging off to beg for water from her other neighbors, while the house continues to burn.

WHICH is the greater misfortune for the farmer, a bumper crop or a crop failure? In the present state of agriculture the answer is doubtful. What then shall we say of the American wheat growers, who have been struck with both misfortunes simultaneously? The failure has occurred in the spring-wheat belt, which follows the Canadian border from Minnesota to Washington; here the yield is the smallest in twenty years. The bumper harvest is in the states to the south, where winter wheat is the staple crop. Since this fall-sown grain forms the bulk of the American harvest, and since growing conditions last winter and spring were unusually favorable, the wheat yield for the country will be one of the largest in history. The government estimate is 869,000,000 bushels, and there are more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

than 200,000,000 bushels from last year's crop remaining in the hands of the Farm Board, which intends somehow to market them. The total, including additional 1930 wheat in the hands of the farmers and independent grain dealers, is more than 1,100,000,000 bushels, and our national consumption is only a little more than half of this astronomical figure. Four or five hundred million bushels must be exported to a world already oversupplied with wheat from Canada, Russia, Australia and the Argentine. It is true that the wheat yield in nearly all these countries will be smaller this year than in 1930, but the carry-over from last year's crop is probably large enough to cancel the reduction. Prices may be slightly higher next winter, but it is certain that they will not be high enough to give the average farmer a profit. Once more people will go breadless because there is too much wheat.

WHILE the American price of wheat has fallen to the lowest point in almost forty years, President Hoover has issued another blast against short selling in the commodity market in general and particularly in the wheat pit. We can understand Mr. Hoover's irritation; just at the moment when he is counting on the psychology of his moratorium scheme to set the business ball rolling again and end the depression, he thinks he sees professional short interests in the wheat market reducing prices for their own selfish purposes. Nevertheless, it is highly improbable that his crusade will have any more effect now than it had before. In the first place, no one can say that the low price of wheat is the result of professional manipulation; with a bumper crop and with the Federal Farm Board's 200,000,000 bushels hanging over the market, there is every legitimate reason for the price to sink. Again, who is to say when short selling is gambling for destructive purposes and when it is legitimate "hedging" by farmers and grain men to protect themselves in case of a drop? Finally, Mr. Hoover's desire to freeze the market at this point and begin a new inflationary cycle, if it were temporarily achieved, might do the greatest possible harm. The market has a way of crashing down through all these artificial cellar floors, and the result is much more serious than if prices had been allowed to take their normal course. No bear movement can depress commodities or stock prices for more than a day or two against the collective judgment of the country. For nine years, three successive American Presidents did everything they could to encourage a bull market; and since October, 1929, we have been suffering from the fruits of their actions.

SENATOR Borah, giving his cool approval to the Hoover moratorium scheme, has added an argument which he made several times before. He fears that should war debts be canceled, the nations will use the money thus set free in order to build up greater armaments. The New Republic believes there is good ground for Senator Borah's alarm; and it is also skeptical about the possibility of exacting from our debtors, as a preliminary to cancellation, an agreement not to use the funds for more battleships, guns and tanks. Those good-hearted people who make this suggestion overlook the psychological factors involved; most countries would regard such a proposal as an insult to their national pride, and even if it were accepted by the government of the moment it would be repudiated by some successor whenever the real or imaginary dangers seemed to make additional armament desirable. But even if Mr. Borah is entirely right, his thesis is not necessarily an argument against debt cancellation. The New Republic shares his horror of the piling up of instruments of war; but additional expenditures of this sort do not do as much harm, economically speaking, as the transfer of vast sums of money across international boundaries and their accumulation in governmental treasuries. It is certainly better for a nation's factories to make consumption goods for use among the general population than war materials; but when armament is produced within the boundaries of a state, at least the population is not prevented from working and left in danger of starvation, which is one of the effects indirectly created by international payments of political, public debts. Senator Borah's cart is before his horse, and facing the wrong way. The best attack upon the international problems he envisages is to get the debts and reparations settled as quickly as possible, and then try to create such conditions, internationally, as will make possible great reduction and finally the elimination of armaments.

THE Wickersham Commission, with two very bad marks against it on the score of prohibition and the Mooney-Billings case, is doing some good work in other fields. We have already referred to one of these, the survey of the Labor Department's misuse of the deportation power against alien radicals. Now comes an excellent study of the mistreatment of juvenile prisoners who have the bad luck to fall into the hands of the federal government. It is written by Dr. Miriam Van Waters of Los Angeles, known to our readers as one of the country's chief authorities in the field of juvenile delinquency, and the author of two books published by The New Republic, "Youth in Conflict" and "Parents on Probation." Dr. Van Waters gives numerous instances of barbarous treatment of children in federal penitentiaries and other institutions all over the country. Boys and girls have been cruelly beaten for the slightest infringement of prison rules, such as speaking in the dining room; they have been subjected to solitary confinement in dark cells, and at least one victim undergoing this punishment was found dead when the cell door was finally opened. The institutions are almost always overcrowded and insanitary, and because they are few in number, children are sometimes sent great distances from home to be punished.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTHING of the more humane modern view of juvenile law-breaking seems to have penetrated into federal courts or penitentiaries, which utterly fail to distinguish between youthful and adult offenders. The "individualization" of treatment, according to the minor's earlier history and environment, a method widely adopted by city and state institutions, is never attempted. Instead, the survey describes "a situation of filth and misery impossible to convey." It is interesting to observe also that nearly half of the minors in federal confinement are charged with breaking the prohibition law, one which millions of grown-up Americans flout on principle. Many others are punished for violation of the Mann Act, often as the result of romantic elopements or even "joy rides" which have led them across state boundaries. Such offenses, for which the state police would merely return minors home, by their geographical nature throw the accused into the hands of the federal courts. Our national government has simply shown itself too big, too impersonal or inhuman to be the guardian of delinquent children. The Wickersham Commission has recommended, logically enough, that youthful "criminals" be removed from federal custody and placed in the hands of local reformatories which have the facilities for their special and proper care.

MERELY because some operators are going bankrupt and thousands of miners starving, it is idle to believe that nobody profits from the anarchy which afflicts the soft-coal industry. Superintendents, company doctors, company preachers and company storekeepers are doing very well, thank you, even in these hard times. Several corporations which are losing money on the coal they mine are showing a fat profit on the corporation stores where their employees—their peons, to use the word in its exact sense—are forced to trade. The national administration, too, can point exultantly to its success in maintaining till now the sturdy individualism of the operators, if not the freedom of the miners. Recently the United Mine Workers of America, the John L. Lewis union, requested the President to call a national conference of the coal industry to discuss the present crisis. Mr. Hoover was not personally interested, but he passed along the request to the Secretaries of Commerce and Labor. Messrs. Lamont and Doak thereupon summoned ten leading operators into secret session. The operators "held the view that little could be accomplished of advantage to the public, the industry or the workers engaged in it by the summoning of a national coal conference at this time." They are reported to have said, in private, that they would make no concessions to their starving miners. They went home well satisfied—but the miners themselves, whether working or striking, continue to starve. The anarchy of the coal industry is a scandal that cannot go on forever. The operators have shown that they have neither the power nor the desire to end it. Some day the decision will be taken out of their hands.

BASING their arguments on the astonishing grounds of humaneness, a majority of the members of the House Penitentiary Committee of the Georgia legislature last week voted favorably on a bill restoring the lash as a means of driving unwilling convicts to work. The lash was officially discarded by Governor Hardwick some years ago, but according to Representative Wall and other sponsors and defenders of the bill before the committee, wardens in their efforts to get work out of the prisoners have been forced to use other and sterner methods of punishment. Stocks and the sweatbox, says Mr. Wall, are in general use in Georgia prisons, but have proved ineffective in getting prisoners to work. Prison wardens are clamoring for the lash: as Mr. Wall almost tearfully exclaims, "What can they do when a convict sits down and refuses to work, while the expenses of the county go on?" Perhaps Georgia breeds a peculiarly intractable type of convict who must be whipped or tortured before he will break stones for the county, but we hope that when the bill is finally submitted to the state legislature there will be a sufficient number of members to reject the strangely perverted conception of humaneness which Mr. Wall's committee has expressed.

BIRTH control is once more a greatly agitated question before the many religious conventions being held in various parts of the United States this summer. Following the guarded statements of the Federal Council of Churches, three months ago, in favor of birth control, the general council of the Congregational and Christian Churches, meeting in Seattle, has declared its approval of "voluntary parentage." However, this new organization is definitely progressive in its attitude on many social and political issues. Elsewhere, the dicta of ecclesiastical councils are as a rule unfavorable and even alarmist. At an Atlantic City gathering of the Catholic Daughters of America recently, clerical leaders warned their audience of the spread of paganism in America. Statements gleaned from leading magazines to the effect that "intelligent college women are not having more children than they can afford" were used as the text for sermons filled with apostolic gloom. "Catholic women," exclaimed Bishop William Hafey of Raleigh, "must not sit idly by and do nothing. . . ." If one understands rightly the sense of the pious Bishop's instructions, it seems entirely possible in these trying times to regard him as an irresponsible shepherd of souls. In similar temper, the Hebrew Orthodox Rabbis of America and Canada, gathered at New York—though many of their reformed colleagues differ with them—condemned birth control as a "violation of Jewish law and of natural law." But the mere strenuous debating of the whole question in the open may be taken as a sign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the battle has already been won. Priests, pastors and rabbis usually take sides only after new movements have gained an irresistible headway.

THE struggle between the Catholic Church and the Italian government has come to a momentary breathing space; but it is no more than that. Mussolini has sent instructions to all local centers of the Fascist party that henceforth no wearer of the black shirt may remain a member of any Catholic club: he must choose between loyalty to the Church or to Fascism. From the Vatican come charges that the government has already dissolved 15,000 Catholic clubs for boys or girls, with 800,000 members. On both sides there are rumors that the Lateran agreement may be denounced and the situation revert to the status prior to 1929. The issue is the most profound which is possible: it is a struggle for control of the next generation. We do not see how any compromise is to be effected; the Church insists that it must guide the spiritual destinies of its children, and Mussolini replies that the first loyalty of a Fascist must be to the Fascist state. Sooner or later, it seems inevitable that the solution must be found in a show of strength. As to the outcome of that struggle, the terrific defeats the Church has encountered in recent years in Mexico and Spain, and the similar defeat of the Greek church in Russia, are an ominous, though not a conclusive, sign.

PROFESSIONAL "bluenoses," uplifters, vigilantes and all overrighteous watchdogs of the public morals should take note of the fate which has befallen the censor for Chicago, who now languishes in a jail of that unpuritanical metropolis. Mr. Yarrow was for long years an implacable pursurer of libertinage in all its dreadful forms. It was his custom to go snooping about the bookshops of the city in quest of "erotica"; no plays, pictures, movies or paintings escaped his unsleeping eye. When they were not immediately forthcoming, his special order for such works, with its lure of profit, would entrap believing booksellers into accommodating him. Arrest by detectives would then follow as a swift consequence. But another less noble consequence, concealed from the public knowledge, was Mr. Yarrow's habitual demand for 50 percent of the fines assessed upon book and art dealers, under an old Illinois regulation establishing an "informer's fee." The exposure by The Chicago Evening Post of this moral racketeering created a happy sensation; and when Mr. Yarrow was sued for damages by an injured bookseller, a jury promptly awarded a verdict of $5,000 against the vice hound. Mr. Yarrow has indignantly refused to pay; but since he is believed to be able to do so, he has been lodged in the county jail under another local law, at a cost of fifty cents a day to the creditor. Other Chicago booksellers have gladly offered to coöperate in his permanent safekeeping and support. Victims of professional snoopers in many cities must look with envy at this Chicago law and its results.

The German Crisis

WHEN President Hoover announced his proposal for a year's moratorium on war debts and reparations, The New Republic, while welcoming his initiative, said that it was both inadequate to the desperate needs of Germany and so late that it might fail of having the effect intended. The developments of the past few days have shown the truth of these observations. The "flight from the mark" has continued until Germany's financial structure is again gravely endangered. One of her largest banks has failed; it has been necessary to suspend trading on the Bourse to avert an open panic; the drain upon the Reichsbank has again imperiled the gold reserve behind the German currency and has threatened another period of inflation like the one just after the War.

All hope has been pinned upon a huge international loan made by the central banks of the other chief European powers and by the American Federal Reserve Bank. As we write, such a loan seems certain to be made; but there is the gravest doubt whether even a new credit of four or five hundred million dollars will suffice to repair the damage which has already been done. One of the bitter truths which the world has learned in the past decade is that it is no use to make loans to a hopelessly insolvent debtor, any more than it is to feed oxygen to a corpse. Germany, if her reparations obligations are included among her liabilities, is certainly bankrupt today. The "statesmen" of the Allied nations have been pretending that this is not true; they have shut their eyes to the foreign loans which practically balance the reparations payments so far made, and have insisted that somehow Germany could earn and transmit these vast sums across her borders. The time for a showdown now seems to be at hand.

For the immediate crisis France is receiving bitter excoriation, and on a basis of the surface facts this is well deserved. The French believe that Germany's plight is much less serious than she says, and that they can afford to drive a hard bargain without running much risk of a Fascist or Communist revolution in Germany, with repudiation of reparations and a possible war as its concomitants. Everyone now knows that the Hoover moratorium scheme was finally adopted by France only by a desperately narrow margin; for some hours those conducting the negotiations believed it would not be accepted at all. Even after agreeing in a far from wholehearted manner, the French have raised grave doubts as to when it shall go into effect, and as to some of its precise terms. They have been pushing Germany just as far as they dare, demanding the abandonment of the proposed customs union with Austria and the cancellation of the second "ersatz-battleship" as a condition of financial assistance. The German government, on the other hand, is under grave pressure at home; if it yields to French demands, it is likely to fall and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be succeeded by a regime much less devoted to international coöperation, much more likely to fold its arms and say to France, "If you want anything from us, come and get it."

In the longer view, however, excoriation of France overlooks all the historical facts of the past thirteen years. For the French have not changed. They have always intended to crush Germany and keep her crushed, and no one who knows them should have expected any other attitude than the one they have shown. Nor is their attitude substantially different from that of the United States toward Europe as a whole. We have urged peace and conciliation, but we have not been willing to make any substantial sacrifices to attain it. We want a great and increasing share of world trade for our own people (primarily for the benefit of our capitalists), regardless of the effect this may have upon the population of other countries which, like England for example, must export or starve. The French similarly want to dominate Europe, as they do today, partly for military security, partly for motives of aggrandizement, and largely because of the economic advantages which such domination brings to her capitalists. Between these two attitudes there is not much to choose. Mr. Hoover argues that Germany must be rescued from her plight because she is a good customer of ours and because American investors have loaned her billions of dollars. The French argue that Germany must be held down so that she won't get in the way. But in neither case is the policy based on any solicitude for the welfare of the German people.

The radicals are in the habit of saying that international capitalism will destroy itself through its own ineptitude; and the events of recent months seem to lend color to this view. For years the experts have known that payments of reparations and war debts are an international nuisance which should be abandoned in the best interest, not of the debtors alone, but of the creditors as well. The public, however, has not been able to follow this argument, and the statesmen have truckled to popular opinion even when they have known better, as they usually have not. But even if debts and reparations are wiped off the slate, as they certainly will be, we shall only have made a beginning of the process of rescuing Western society from a dilemma which in the long run will inevitably end in catastrophe. Unrestricted international capitalist activity, in the form of foreign investments, the struggle for control of foreign trade, the fight for possession of raw materials in the so-called backward countries, will surely bring about the destruction of our whole economic system and the substitution of another, unless it is halted, brought within bounds, reorganized in the interest of the common people in all the nations concerned. Presidents, premiers and international bankers continue their ball before Waterloo; they do not hear above the music of their obsequious journalistic orchestra the mutter of the distant guns.

Russia Discards from Strength

STALIN'S "new economic policy" for Russia might better be called a new psychological policy—except that much of it is not even new. Nothing in the economic structure of the country is altered by it; the mixture of communism and state socialism continues exactly as before. The principle of piece work, of special pay for special abilities and expertness, which has long been practised in certain industries, is to be much more widely extended, but this is of course in no way incompatible with the public ownership of the means of production which is the basic element in the Russian experiment. In general, the rigors of life are to be somewhat softened for the working population, and particularly for the non-Communists. Some of the latter are now invited to participate in the working out of the Five Year Plan in a manner hitherto impossible because of the doctrinaire attitude of the Communists and their suspicion of everyone except party members.

A bid is being made in particular for the coöperation of the intelligentsia and of certain technologists of the Tsarist regime who, Stalin believes, have now proved themselves free of the persistent suspicion of sabotage or have repented of past sins of that sort. More of what in America would be called welfare work is to be done for workers in important industries, and particularly in coal mining. They are to have not only better food, clothing and housing conditions, but more intelligently planned recreation, etc. The five-day week, under which various members of any one family have different holidays, is in certain cases to be modified to a six-day week, with a common holiday. Stalin asks for less emphasis on committees and debates, more individual initiative, execution and responsibility.

We can see in all this no justification for the allegation made in hostile European and American papers that the new policy represents an abandonment of communism or a confession of failure in the Five Year Plan. Stalin is striking at certain notorious faults of the Russian character which have nothing to do with communism as such—love of committee meetings and endless oratory, addiction to red tape and "buck passing," the lack of any time sense, so noticeable to foreign visitors. To a certain extent, his recent speech asks for a demobilization of the war spirit in which the Communists have been carrying out their plans. No ruler ever asks for a spiritual demobilization while his regime is on the downgrade. His plea for greater tolerance of non-Communist elements is the best possible evidence that he believes the battle is going well. In the language of the card-table, Russia discards from strength, not from weakness.

Stalin's speech is also additional evidence (if more is necessary) against those who fear Russia will adopt a permanent policy of flooding the world with exports at ruinously low prices. Her chief concern now and for many years to come is to raise

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the standard of living of her own population. To do this means an increasing cost of production within Russia, even taking into account the economies of large-scale production. Her present foreign purchases of machinery and certain raw materials are an emergency measure, and only in the emergency does she sell abroad at low prices in order to import. Within a few years, the same voices now raised in Europe and America against Soviet exports will be heard complaining that Russia neither exports nor imports except an irreducible minimum. For our part, we welcome Stalin's speech as a high example of common sense and the understanding of human nature, as opposed to the rigid dogmatism which has too often prevailed in Russia heretofore; and we believe it is good testimony that the most interesting social experiment in the history of the world is well on the road to success.

The Triumphant Village

EARLY this month there were two almost simultaneous events which proved the fallibility of the minds controlling our largest weekly magazine. In the Bronx, a woman was slapped by an intoxicated moralist for smoking a cigarette as she walked along the street. In Philadelphia, the editors of The Saturday Evening Post announced for the hundredth time that Greenwich Village was dead.

The woman who smoked was not a Greenwich Villager; indeed, the Villagers themselves would sniffily describe her as a bourgeois. The section of New York City which she inhabits is farther spiritually from the Village than San Francisco is, or New Orleans; yet she was upholding a recent tradition which began south of Fourteenth Street, where American women first smoked in public—sometimes at the price of being arrested for an offense to civic morals. The man, perhaps, did not read The Saturday Evening Post, but he represented the same tradition of outraged conservatism. Two powerful forces confronted each other in the streets of the Bronx. What was the outcome? The woman was upheld by a city magistrate. The man, after spending four days in jail, was fined $25.

A few weeks earlier, in Philadelphia, an editor of The Post was composing his eloquent editorial. "The sad truth is," he said, "that the Village was a flop. None of the causes for which it fought and argued and starved ever came to anything. The new standards which it demanded in all the arts proved false and artificial, even silly." . . . He paused and called for a bobbed-haired stenographer to retype his manuscript. Once out of the office, she probably smoked cigarettes by the carton. She ate her luncheons at a tea shop where the table tops were painted black and the chairs were a bright orange. Yet the editor did not reflect that bobbed hair, cigarettes for women, black-and-orange tea shops, all came from Greenwich Village.

"Looking backward," he continued with that pontifical air which editors of The Saturday Evening Post assume when looking backward, "it is quite apparent that Greenwich Village was largely made up of low-grade talent thumbing its nose at success. We must bear this in mind and not again make the mistake of taking anything of the kind seriously." He stopped triumphantly and looked at his watch. Perhaps he remembered that he had an engagement that evening for a party. Now the "party," conceived as a gathering together of men and women to drink gin cocktails, flirt, dance to the phonograph and gossip about their absent friends, is becoming one of our most popular American institutions. It is hard to realize how short its history has been in this country. It goes back in a modified form to the "orgies" celebrated by the French 1830 Romantics, but it was introduced to America by the Greenwich Villagers—before being enthusiastically adopted by salesmen from Kokomo and the younger country-club set in Kansas City.

Wherever one turns in American life today, one finds the Greenwich Village influence. It is true that this note is weakest in the arts, but the explanation is simple. The causes for which the Village "fought and argued and starved" were not, in the main, artistic causes. Primarily they were social: they had to do with freedom for women, with informality in social intercourse, with easier moral standards. Perhaps the Village is dying today, but not for the reasons assigned in the Post editorial. It is dying because it became so popular that too many people insisted on living there; the results were expressed in rents too high for the pocketbooks of the indigent Villagers. It is dying because the younger writers and painters are becoming more austere, and because the older ones, those who made the Village famous, are drawing fat checks from The Saturday Evening Post. It is dying, finally, because women smoke cigarettes in the streets of the Bronx, drink gin cocktails in Omaha, and have perfectly swell parties in Seattle and Middletown—in other words, because the whole country has gone Greenwich Village.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Has Mexico Betrayed Her Revolution?

TWELVE years after the fall of the Bastile, Napoleon, who was ruling France under the title of First Consul, remarked that "the Revolution is back where it began. It is ended." The statement was broader than the situation deserved, for the Revolution had altered profoundly the social and political structure of France. But if today Plutarco Elías Calles were to utter the same words about his own country, if he were to say that the Mexican revolution had ended and was back where it began, the statement could hardly be denied by anyone who has watched the country slowly revert to those days which preceded Porfírio Díaz's exile.

Mexico has washed her hands of the revolution. However altered the social structure of Mexico may be, it is an undeniable fact that the country is repudiating Indianism, communal landholding and proletarian doctrine in favor of the old economic doctrines of Europe and Díaz. For the moment, at least, the old and the new hang in the balance, and the regime is marking time with all that lack of courage and imagination which has characterized the administration of President Hoover.

Though the still important figure of Calles overshadows them all, three political-economic groups —the only three which remain important after twenty years of violence and bloodshed—can be discerned amid the chaotic social life of the country.

First and most important is the Joaquín Amaro army group. Too much credit cannot be given Amaro for organizing and disciplining the Mexican army, but the ultimate social implications of this may not prove so happy. The original military nucleus of the revolution was based on the Yaqui Indians of Sonora; today the center has shifted to the more representative Indians of the South, especially in the state of Michoacán. Amaro is a pure-blooded Tarascan from that state. President Ortiz Rubio claims descent from the last of the Tarascan kings. The official political bureau, the National Revolutionary party, sustained from the public treasury by forced collections of seven days' pay a year from all government employees, is also largely in the hands of the military party; its head is General Lázaro Cárdenas, from the same state of Michoacán, an intimate confidant of Amaro.

The second group derives from the more capitalist psychology of the northern states of Nuevo León and Coahuila, around Monterrey, the budding steel and factory center of the republic, strongly influenced by American methods. This group is composed of such men as Aarón Saenz, Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor; Pérez Trevino, Minister of Agriculture; General Juan Andreiu Almazán, Minister of Communications; and Puig Casauranc, Minister of Education. These men still mouth the revolutionary phrases of the movement which brought them into power, but their ideals, in a modified form, are those of the older Díaz regime—friendliness to foreign capital and the new Mexican bourgeoisie to which they now belong.

The third group, now on the fringe of political control, consists of regional *caciques* or political bosses, imbued with pale-pink doctrines of reform. These Indian and *mestizan* demagogues are still attempting to reconcile in a feeble way Indianism with dilute proletarian doctrines—and therefore are now out of the main superstate regime. Those most concerned with this outlook are ex-President Portes Gil, political boss of Tamaulipas; Governor Adalberto Tejeda of Vera Cruz; Governor Tomás Garrido of Tabasco; and General Saturnino Cedillo, commandant of San Luís Potosí. They are all from tropical states on or near the Mexican Gulf. Other similar leaders, such as Luís León, from northern Chihuahua, and other *politicos* from Jalisco, are struggling for local control; but in general this social-demagogic group has a curious geographic consistency.

Thus the country is divided, not only ideologically, but geographically. The army and Indianism in the south-central part of the republic; incipient capitalist industrialism in the North; agrarian and social reform, plus Indianism, about the east Gulf.

The Portes Gil group is on the downgrade; the real contest lies between the other two. The Portes Gil group, because of provincial and regional outlook and because of unbridled personal ambitions, helped destroy part of its normal support, namely the labor movement. Its hold on the peasant movement is also growing more fragmentary and more local. Both peasant and labor forces have ceased to be impressive political factors.

The maximum expression of the revolution occurred in 1926 under Calles. During the second half of his administration, a gradual and accelerating recession began, coinciding with the arrival of Ambassador Morrow, whose kindness helped the process of dissolution. The first blows were given at the proletarian groups. Calles threw overboard the Regional Confederation of Labor (CROM) to save himself during the tense situation following upon the heels of the assassination of Obregón. The Mexican Unitarian Trade Union Confederation (CSUM) was smashed and its leaders jailed. The National Peasants' League was destroyed; the National Agrarian party disrupted; strikers were shipped to Islas Marías; and the labor press was put out of business. The new penal code brought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all political dissidents into the criminal class, with jury trial abolished. All political activities are now controlled by the official bureau, the so-called National Revolutionary party; every other expression is persecuted. All popular autonomous groups having been put *hors de combat,* it now remains to be seen which of two tendencies—military or industrialist or both—will come into final control of the State.

The legal revision of the revolution followed promptly upon the heels of the destruction of popular organization: compromise on the oil question, the Church-State settlement, a halting of the agrarian program, the drafting of a more modified labor code.

The latest agrarian law protects large sugar-cane, coffee and other estates, and provides that no further communal lands be granted except for cash payment. This is in many ways a wise bill; but it was dictated by the betrayal of the forces which brought the present regime into existence, not by any vision of sound national economy or necessary planning for agricultural development. Both Ortiz Rubio and Calles have declared that the system of *ejidos,* or communal lands, has been a colossal failure.

In 1910, 9,600,000 peasants lived on haciendas in serfdom. Today over two-thirds of these have left the haciendas and live in free towns. If, as Calles asserts, the *ejido* system is a failure, then close to seven million people—nearly half of the Mexican population—have been hurled into a more precarious economic situation than before the revolution. As a matter of fact, the *ejido* system has never been given an adequate trial. First of all, the peasants, for the most part, have not received sufficient lands or good cultivable lands. No provision has been made for population growth. The free villagers are not in a position to sustain themselves properly, even if they had been given the knowledge, tools and necessary seed.

Second, the land program was derailed by corruption. Frequently land distribution was converted into a vote-getting mechanism. Bosses have distributed lands to supporters. Labor and peasant organizations, when in control, excluded all but their own members. The army built its own machine similarly. In Ameca, Jalisco, prominent storekeepers and politicians received lands. In Paracho, Michoacán, a local leader of the peasant Social Defense had received the best plots. In Asompa, Oaxaca, the *ejidos* belong to the three richest men in the village. On the other hand, hundreds of wealthy landowners have paid big graft to agrarian commissions, to peasant leaders and army officers, to stave off expropriation.

A further reason for the new agrarian shift: the higher-ups of the regime, such as Calles, Amaro, Aarón Saenz, Pérez Trevino, Almazán and others, have joined the ranks of the large landholders of the country by acquiring for a song haciendas ruined by the revolution. Many of the large irrigation projects, costing the government hundreds of millions, were to benefit arid lands owned by Calles and other ministers. Naturally, the high chiefs oppose further extension of the *ejido* system and the peasant movement which so recently raised them to power.

Nor could the *ejido* system succeed without concurrent promotion of other forms of agrarian production. The *ejido* was a political and military stopgap. It was suitable for uneven land; for certain types of communities with long traditions; and particularly for the production of beans and corn. It destroyed serfdom and fortified the new villages. But the process of making it universally applicable doomed it to failure and cut the larger cities off from a cheap supply of more diversified products.

The real agricultural wealth of Mexico resides in the cultivation of tropical and subtropical products—bananas, *henequén,* sugar cane, tobacco, coffee. But the establishment and operation of tropical farms require capital, often years of waiting, and technical knowledge. The revolution subjected this type of agriculture to destruction by *ejido* grants, thus undermining the *ejido* system where it might well have been used.

The result is failure of the Mexican agrarian revolution on its constructive side. Though peonage has been abolished, there is a large dislocation of the population and a muddled situation which can be kept in hand only by armed force. The new agrarian law helps to permit a resumption of large-scale tropical farming; but at the same time it blocks any solution for the free villagers and leaves them high and dry where they cannot sustain themselves except by drifting back to the hacienda or going into industry. At the present moment, the Mexican government, with all the major industries —oil, mining, *henequén*—badly shattered, is not only unable to advance money for lands for the peasants, but is unable to provide proper rural credits and rural education.

Undoubtedly the large hacienda will soon become once more the dominant factor in rural production. In spite of the great dislocation, the larger haciendas, though temporarily put out of business, have remained essentially intact. In twenty-nine states (excluding the Federal District and Quintana Roo), nearly 60 percent of the land privately held is still comprised in haciendas of over 2,500 acres; 48 percent in haciendas of over 10,000 acres; nearly 20 percent in haciendas of over 250,000 acres.

Mexico has washed her hands of the revolution. The social organization of the country has been profoundly altered by some law of destiny greater than revolutions or governments; but the programs of the revolution have been quietly buried. The struggles of the immediate future, peaceful or otherwise, will merely be to determine which industrialist or military clique controls the superstate.

Mexico City. CARLETON BEALS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Protests

BEN MARSH is the executive secretary of the People's Lobby in Washington. He is a tall, stooping, loose-jointed Westerner, with white hair, an aquiline Yankee beak and a genial and mobile bright black eye. In the nineties he was a Y. M. C. A. worker and planned to go to South Africa, but he later became a radical and stayed at home.

The People's Lobby is an organization intended to accomplish for the public good at Washington what the other lobbies do for private interests. Its slogan is: "We fight for the people: we get and give the facts." Recently John Dewey, convinced of the necessity of his taking a more active part in politics, has become president of the People's Lobby.

With Dewey and Rabbi Wise as sponsors, Ben Marsh has gotten up a petition to ask the President to call an extra session of Congress. He has invited a group of professors, labor leaders and Socialists to sign the petition and present it personally; and a certain rich lady has undertaken to pay the expenses of bringing them to Washington. The President's secretary has promised an appointment, but stipulated that the list of petitioners will have to be submitted and checked up on before the committee can be received.

We assemble in the dreary mezzanine—with brownish faded flowered carpets, romantic prints and, muffling the windows, solemn red-plush valance—of an old Washington hotel. It is raining outside. There are present, among others: W. G. Bergman, the secretary of Mayor Frank Murphy's Unemployment Committee in Detroit; Miss Elizabeth Gilman, the daughter of the late president of Johns Hopkins and the Socialist candidate for Governor of Maryland; Harry Laidler, the Socialist president of the National Bureau of Economic Research; Frank Keeney, the president of the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union; Corliss Lamont, the son of Thomas Lamont and a professor of Philosophy at Columbia; Miss Mary Winsor, of Philadelphia, one of the pioneers of the Woman's party and now active in an organization aiming at the total disarmament of the United States; Professor Samuel Chiles Mitchell, a Southern professor of the old school, who has long taught History and Classics at the University of Richmond; and A. J. Muste, that remarkable Dutch Reform minister, who left his church at the time of the War after attempting to preach the gospel of peace, came to realize that questions of peace and war were intimately bound up with the social-economic situation, went in 1919 to preach to the Lawrence strikers and unexpectedly found himself appointed chairman of the executive committee of the strike, even more unexpectedly found he had won it for them just when he was on his way to the station, under the impression that the strike had failed, and is now the president of Brookwood Labor College, where he trains radical labor organizers.

Ben Marsh calls up the President's secretary and is jolted to receive the news that the President won't see the delegation, after all. The secretary, a man named Richey, says that he has written Marsh a letter, and Marsh goes around to his office to get it.

We decide, however, to go ahead with the memorial which has been prepared. Jerome Davis, professor of Sociology at Yale Theological Seminary, reads it aloud and the group discusses it. The memorial points out to the President that the loss of salaries and wages during 1930 in the United States amounted to at least $9,000,000,000—one-fifth of the salaries and wages paid in 1928 to the 45,500,000 gainfully occupied persons getting less than $5,000 a year; that during 1930 the pay rolls in the manufacturing industries declined 34.3 percent and the number of workers, 24 percent; that there are probably at the present time about 6,000,000 unemployed, and almost as many only working part-time; that there is every reason to believe that 1931 will be as bad as 1930; and that the relief supplied by charitable organizations, always inadequate, is already giving out at the same time that the state and local governments are reaching the limits of their legal capacity to borrow.

It is, then, proposed by the undersigned that the President call an extra session of Congress in order to enable the federal government to appropriate at least $3,000,000,000 for public works, for the extension of credit for municipal housing programs and for other measures; at least $250,000,000 to match amounts already spent or to be spent for relief by localities and states; and at least $250,000,000 for subvention of state unemployment-insurance systems.

The money required for these measures could be provided by increased surtaxes on the higher brackets and higher taxes on estates. In 1929, according to the income-tax reports, 14,701 people with incomes over $100,000 had an aggregate income of $5,016,229,000, of which about 94 percent was from ownership or control of property, but only paid the federal government about an eighth of it; and in 1928 the federal government only got about a seventh of the aggregate net taxable estate of $631,012,563 left by the 55 people who died with estates of more than $40,000,000.

"To postpone until December the execution and even the planning of these measures of relief is to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ignore human misery, and to court domestic disorders, which, with one-fifth of the working population unemployed or so irregularly employed as to make impossible even a health standard of existence, may be unprecedented in our history."

The discussion, as is usual on such occasions, reveals two classes of opinion among the petitioners: one which tends to be in favor of making the memorial a manifesto and another which aims rather at fact and wants to be scrupulous to word the statement in such a way as not to antagonize the recipient. In general, it is the latter school which finally determines the form of the petition and succeeds in eliminating all the passages which could possibly be regarded as provocative or alarming—an assertion, for example, that "short of martial law the federal government cannot compel profit-making corporations to do anything effective to meet the unemployment situation, and even by proclaiming martial law, cannot compel those with a deficit to help"; and another to the effect that "the American people will not readily submit to complete control over their private businesses," but "realize that the present tragic breakdown can only be relieved by an immediate and drastic redistribution of the national income and can only be remedied by a reorganization of industry."

Miss Mary Winsor, however, is in favor of a more aggressive note. She has an idea for a bolder opening.

The President, the day before, has delivered at Valley Forge an extraordinary speech in which he has compared the present plight of the American people to the sufferings of Washington's soldiers when that "little band of hungry and almost naked patriots kept alive the spark of liberty in the lowest hours of the Revolution." "It was a triumph of character and idealism and high intelligence," the President has reminded a well-to-do audience, "over the counsels of despair, of prudence and material comfort"—and "we are still fighting this war of independence. We must not be misled by the claim that the source of all wisdom is in the government. . . . Sirens still sing the song of the easy way for the moment of difficulty, but the common sense of the common man, the inherited tradition of an independent and self-reliant race, the historical memory of Americans who glory in Valley Forge even as they glory in Yorktown—all these tell us the truth for which our ancestors fought and suffered, the truth which echoes upward from this soil of blood and tears, that the way to the nation's greatness is the path of self-reliance, independence and steadfastness in times of trial and stress. . . . God grant that we may prove worthy of Washington and his men of Valley Forge!"

Miss Winsor's suggestion is that we begin the petition by mentioning this speech and reminding the President that while Washington's troops were starving and freezing at Valley Forge, there were other people who had remained very comfortable: the wealthy American Tories. Somebody jokingly suggests that we might add "and their property was afterwards confiscated." Somebody else produces a newspaper cartoon which shows Hoover very fat, small and dismal in a cocked hat at Valley Forge, and suggests incorporating it in the memorial. But Miss Winsor is a serious and pungent person, and her proposal impresses itself: she has already written an opening paragraph with her crack in it and she gives it to the man who is to revise the memorial.

Ben Marsh comes back, somewhat dampened, with the letter from the President's secretary. The letter briefly explains that the President will not see us, as he has already issued a statement on the question of the calling of an extra session of Congress. A copy of the statement is enclosed:

> I do not propose to call an extra session of Congress. I know of nothing that would so disturb the healing processes now undoubtedly going on in the economic situation. We cannot legislate ourselves out of a world depression; we can and will work ourselves out. A poll of the members of Congress would show that a large majority agree with me in opposing an extra session.

Ben Marsh, who is an old-fashioned American and believes in American institutions, flourishes the letter around and says, "Well, we can at least leave our memorial at the White House!" Miss Winsor proposes picketing the White House, but this suggestion is received either laughingly as a joke or in silence as an impracticable idea.

The President's secretary, however, has promised to see us, and the memorial is rewritten for presentation, with Miss Winsor's new opening.

We have lunch in the dining-room of the hotel and then set out for the White House in taxis. Two prove to be all that are needed, because several of the group have melted away.

At the White House, we are told by an attendant that the President's secretary is busy. We sit and wait in the reception room.

The newspaper men are sympathetic. One of them says that Senator Kean of New Jersey is in favor of having no next session at all: "It will only upset the country," he has complained. "If we could only just pass over the next session!"

When we have been sitting in the reception room some time, Ben Marsh inquires again of the doorman when Mr. Richey will be able to see us. He had made an appointment for 3 o'clock. The doorman goes inside and brings out a uniformed clerk, and the clerk tells us that Mr. Richey is busy and will probably continue to be busy for some time.

So we give the memorial to the clerk and go home.

Peter Romano comes from a little town in Sicily. For years he kept a large and prosperous fruit store under the Second Avenue elevated at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street. Of late years, however, he has had something the matter with his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chest and hasn't been able to work. He sold his store and put his money into Wall Street.

When the crash came, he lost almost everything. When Mrs. Romano had a baby five months ago and afterwards came down with pneumonia, he found he had only a few dollars left.

By June, he owed his landlord $52, two months' rent. The landlord, Antonio Caccone, lived only a few blocks away on Lexington Avenue, in a house with a brownstone front and coarse white-lace curtains in the windows. The Romanos lived above the fruit store, on the same floor with a cheap dentist's office, in a little flat that opened on the landing through a door with dirty-margined glass panes, up a dirty oilcloth-covered staircase. The Romanos regarded Mr. Caccone as a very rich man, but no doubt he, too, had been hit by the depression.

At any rate, he was insistent about the rent. Peter Romano had a married daughter, and her husband offered to help him out. He went to Mr. Caccone, the landlord, with $26—one month's rent. But Mr. Caccone angrily refused it and said that unless he got the whole sum immediately, he would put the Romanos out.

On June 11 he came himself to the Romanos and demanded the money again. He threatened to have the marshal in and evict them that very afternoon. Peter Romano tried to argue with him, and Mrs. Romano went out in a last effort to get together $52. She didn't succeed, but when she came back, she found a lot of excited people around and the police in her flat.

Peter had shot Mr. Caccone and killed him, and was just being taken off to jail.

EDMUND WILSON.

Boom Times in the Laboratory

While Business Lags, Technology Speeds Ahead

SINCE the stock-market crash it has become apparent that our power of economic and social synthesis is temporarily more or less bankrupt. The gears are out of mesh, and all Mr. Hoover's political stalking-horses and all his dollar-a-year men haven't yet been able to make them function. Eventually, our lumbering economic mechanism will get under way again. When it does, there will be new gears, new complexities, with which business and government will have to deal as best they can. Unemployment has affected our industrial-research laboratories relatively little. Our physical scientists and development engineers —major architects of change in the modern world —are working full time. "Powers increase and power perishes." Our research engine is turning up new powers, greater powers than ever before.

What some of these new powers are, and the changes they are likely to effect, is the subject of the present article. The writer is not an electrical engineer. He can offer merely a lay reporter's summary of what one laboratory is doing, together with a somewhat more general view of what research men and engineers see ahead, in just one major field of applied science—the field of electronics.

This science is as young as the radio tube—that is to say, about twenty-five years old. Already it has at least one magazine devoted exclusively to chronicling its achievements: Electronics, published by the McGraw-Hill Company. Last year Electronics printed a list of 180 present applications of the electron tube. In presenting this list, its editor, Mr. O. H. Caldwell, former Federal Radio Commissioner, made the following astonishing statement: "So rapidly are new electronic applications coming that, within a few years, one may safely predict that there will be nothing that the average man sees, hears or buys but what will be controlled, regulated or affected in some important respect by an electronic tube."

In the same issue a galaxy of research scientists offered similar testimony. H. P. Davis, vice-president of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, declared: "In the daily life of the world, during the next decade, electron devices seem destined to create changes as sweeping and revolutionary as those of the past fifty years."

Somewhat more cautiously, Dr. Willis R. Whitney, vice-president of General Electric Company and director of its research laboratory, remarked that "most scientists dislike predicting the futures of anything. But I rather like to think that there is no end to the service which the application of electron tubes will bring about."

Incidentally, Dr. Whitney has his own cure for business depressions. It is what one might expect: research, more research, to the end that human life may be more secure, and happier—or at least more interesting. As he points out, the tremendous upcurve of the automobile industry pulled us out of one depression; the sudden emergence of the radio art pulled us out of another. When business, seeking alibis for its own excesses and ineptitudes, alleges that science gave it its present headache, perhaps the answer is that more science will cure the headache.

The research men at Schenectady are busy. They have the drive and enthusiasm of men who are fashioning a new world out of something that seems close to its raw material: the electron. They don't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pretend to evaluate this new world philosophically. Perhaps, as Dr. Whitney cheerfully concedes, the innocent Polynesians have the best of us. But we are going to have this new world anyway.

There, and in scores of other laboratories all over the world, they are working with a new tool—the electron tube. For a concise statement of what this new tool is, one cannot do better than quote again the editor of Electronics:

> Looked at broadly, the importance of the invention of the electron tube can be compared only with Archimedes' classical discovery of the power of the lever, and his proud boast that, given an adequate fulcrum, he "could move the world." For the vacuum tube is, in effect, an electrical lever; its grid input is the short arm and its anode output is the long arm. And just as the principle of the lever is used again and again in every element of every machine built in this mechanical age—so the introduction of the vacuum tube and its associated circuits presents almost inconceivable potentialities in the electrical future.

In the General Electric research laboratory at Schenectady there is a room where you may see this new electrical lever at work. In it are exhibited what the laboratory men refer to somewhat slightingly as "the bag of tricks"—parlor magic devised to save the time of such men as Langmuir, Coolidge, Hull and Dr. Whitney himself, all of whom are closely associated in current electronic research. The Sunday supplements have pictured and described these "House of Magic" exhibits in detail: they have supplied the exclamation points for Floyd Gibbons' rapid-fire radio monologues. For an understanding of the principles involved, however, one turns again to Dr. Whitney. In his contribution to the Electronics symposium already referred to, he writes:

> Electron tubes are already changing alternating into direct current, and direct into alternating. They are changing frequencies from one value to another. They are altering wave shapes, and picking out for service any part of successive waves which is wanted. They are cutting off or heading off currents in place of switches, circuit breakers and lightning arresters, and are giving us such assets as electric fevers, for high-frequency biological researches. . . . When we realize that small glass vacuum tubes do so many things not done a few years ago, we naturally look anticipatingly toward corresponding apparatus of metal, designed for large-scale operation.
>
> Heretofore, when electric power was shoved about, rotated, reversed, switched or modified, it was necessary to move large masses of metal, but electronics seems to separate the mass of weight of apparatus from its electric properties, so that in a sense we may leave the masses fixed, and just move or direct, put brakes on or stop, the electricity.

Electron tubes are already so numerous that they divide into species and subspecies. There are, following the Greco-Schenectady nomenclature familiar to the trade, the kenotron, which is the by-now familiar high-powered radio broadcasting tube; the pliotron, dynatron, phanotron, magnetron. Last, youngest and most dazzling in its promise of revolutionary contributions to the whole field of technology, is the thyratron.

The thyratron is about fifteen years old, its genesis being Langmuir's original investigations into the electron discharges of gases in vacuum. The name derives from the Greek word for "door." Let us try to construct a layman's word picture of what research men and engineers see behind this door.

They see, first, a cumulative multiplication of automatic processes throughout the length and breadth of industry, communication and transportation. They see, just over the horizon, a new power era in which direct current is transmitted at high voltages by means of thyratrons. They see power generated at the source: from the "white coal" of Niagara, Muscle Shoals, Hoover Dam, the St. Lawrence, together with scores of remote and hitherto unexploited hydroelectric sources; from the coal of Pennsylvania, the natural gas of Texas, the petroleum of California. They see a nation-wide transmission network, achieving maximum economies through diversification of loads, risks of accidental shut-downs, and power sources. As a result of all this, they see the dwindling of our cities as industry redistributes itself, cheap power being everywhere available.

Within the year, an experimental miniature transmission line has been set up in the General Electric laboratory at Schenectady. The artificial transmission line itself was represented by a copper bar about seven feet in length. Electrical conditions were imposed which made this line equivalent to 400 miles of transmission conductor in a commercial circuit. (The longest commercial system now in existence is 250 miles long.) Thyratron tubes were used at the sending end to convert alternating current into direct current and at the receiving end to invert direct current into alternating current. The experiment was successful; the thyratron handled current at 15,000 volts, at an efficiency of 97.5 percent.

Laboratory men do not care to speculate as to how soon the possibilities implicit in this experiment will eventuate; quite possibly within the next decade. There are technical problems to be solved in building thyratrons of large capacity, not to mention the factors of inertia represented by existing plant investment and the commercial and political adaptations necessary to achieve a functional reorganization of power generation and distribution. The prospective economies are obviously huge and they extend in many directions. For example, much of New York, the Loop district in Chicago and large areas in Boston and other major cities are now supplied by direct-current stations which have been facing the eventual necessity of scrapping their present equipment and installing alternating-current

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generators in order to meet the steadily increasing demand.

It is quite possible that the thyratron may give them a new lease on life, when power can be fed into these areas from outside sources and readily converted into its A. C. form to run electric refrigerators, radios, etc. Long-distance transmission of direct current will in all probability greatly reduce the cost of the generating equipment necessary to deliver a given amount of power at the receiving end; it will make possible the substitution of underground cables for the present overhead lines; in addition the stability of long alternating-current systems will be improved if it turns out that thyratrons can be used successfully in generator field circuits, and existing A. C. lines can be connected by direct-current links, without the necessity of synchronization.

So much for the thyratron; how about the other "trons" and their 180 uses, as listed by Electronics? Here the kaleidoscope of change is no less bewildering and the actual accomplishments are already impressive.

In the field of communication, short-wave intercontinental telephony is already a commonplace; radio facsimile transmission of charts, maps, styles, whole newspaper pages, is a matter of tomorrow or the day after.

The industrial applications are so multitudinous that they can scarcely by summarized. Already General Electric is marketing a standard relay utilizing the pliotron and the photoelectric cell. It is about the size of a small radio set, but here are some of the things it is doing and will do: it is counting the vehicles that go through the Holland Tunnel; it will count, sort, grade, inspect almost anything from burlap bags to coffee beans; it will function as a process control in applications too numerous even to suggest, the activating principle being the interruption of a beam of light. Electronics lists thirty-five main categories of "tron" applications in industry, among the more interesting being automatic calipering of products and parts, automatic heat control, the detection of stresses and strains in materials and products both by microphone and X-ray, the continuous control of product thickness and moisture in paper mills, induction heating and the automatic inspection of high-speed operations. Almost any one of these, if described in detail, would make a Jules Verne chapter in itself.

In the field of entertainment we already have the talkies, and television is coming in; we shall also have a whole new category of musical instruments of which the theremin is the precursor.

In the field of transportation and traffic control, the Union Switch and Signal Company has already equipped over 3,500 locomotives with automatic electronic signal systems which contribute an important new safety factor.

In the field of aviation and navigation we have radio compasses, radio beacons, altimeters, photoelectric communication with planes, electronic systems for landing in fog, depth sounders and ship-channel locaters.

In the fundamental department of scientific measurements, we have a four-element tube which will measure accurately down to a hundredth of a millionth of a billionth of an ampere. Professor Joel Stebbins, director of the Washburn Observatory at Madison, Wisconsin, is using two of these tubes in connection with a quartz photoelectric tube to indicate the position, intensity and spectrum of very faint stars. He reports that it is possible to make nearly all astronomical measurements photoelectrically rather than visually or photographically, with decided advantages in rapidity and sensitivity.

In the fields of mining and metallurgy, electron tubes are being used to locate new oil and mineral deposits, to control automatically the operation of steel mills operating at high temperatures and to detect flaws in steel rails.

In the field of medicine the range of application is enormous, from the analysis of muscle and heart sounds to experiments looking toward the transmutation of species. There is also the famous "fever tube," which is essentially a short-wave broadcasting tube with the electron discharge concentrated between a pair of condensers. General Electric has built and loaned without charge a number of sets of this apparatus to medical-research groups. It is known that fever is frequently curative in such diseases as arthritis, joint diseases and syphilis. The electric fever has important advantages as a substitute for artificial inoculation with malaria germs, a method of treatment which has been successfully applied in cases of syphilis. So far the medical researchers haven't yet reported. When they do, it may or may not be front-page news.

This, then, is the sort of new world which our indefatigable architects of change are evolving for us. Amidst this plethora of wonders it is indeed difficult to select the most significant.

At the moment, perhaps, the economic implications of this picture are what the mind first seizes upon. We have learned to think and talk, not of the industrial revolution, but of our successive industrial revolutions. The new God is Technological Process, and the electron tube is his prophet. It has been estimated that as yet less than one percent of American industry is producing by technological process: the process, to put it crudely, in which the workman functions largely with respect to control and supervision, the machine being independent of the factors of human error and fatigue.

In displacing manual by machine processes we gained probably from 200 to 300 percent in productive efficiency during the earlier phases of mechanization, although such estimates are largely guess work. But in the transition from machine process to technological process, the gain in effi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciency sometimes runs as high as 2,000 and 3,000 percent. Witness Mr. A. O. Smith, of Milwaukee, whose huge machines, nursed by only 180 men, can turn out automobile-chassis frames at the rate of 10,000 every twenty-four hours; who can turn out in a single day thirty-two miles of continuous electrically welded pipe. Witness the Aston process of puddling wrought iron, which produces 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of wrought iron in a single operation, as against 200 to 400 pounds by the method which it superseded.

Since the War we have seen the material progress which our pre-mechanical ancestors took centuries to accomplish telescoped into a single decade. Is it too much to ask that our minds become as fluid and future-devouring as our machines? We have no choice. Today we must think in terms not of the present contents of our economic pool, but of its probable future contents. To the writer it would seem that almost any pattern of economic and social reconstruction based on our present technological resources would be obsolete almost before it was written.

John Dewey, in his "Reconstruction of Philosophy" has said: "The world or any part of it as it presents itself at any given time, is accepted or acquiesced in as material for change. . . . The process of growth, of improvement and progress, rather than the static outcome and result, becomes the significant thing."

From this point of view, it is merely silly to whine and recoil from the torture and shock of change. The problem is to devise economic and social controls which approximate in precision and flexibility the methods of the physical laboratory. It remains true that, after all, science has given humanity its great chance. Those who see in our developing mastery of natural forces merely increasing probabilities of disaster would seem to credit humanity with almost superhuman stupidity.

JAMES RORTY.

Lynch Law in Action

I SAW Jim Ivy burned at the stake in Rocky Ford, Mississippi, one September Sunday afternoon, and his scream, "Oh, God! Oh, God damn!" was the only sound from a human voice that I thought might, by sheer strength alone, reach heaven.

Jim was charged with rape. Sunday morning, officers took him to a hospital where the girl victim of an assault pointed him out as the guilty man. A mob failed to get him just then. In the afternoon it succeeded very well indeed.

Jim was staked with heavy chains and dry wood was piled knee-high around him. Gasoline tanks were tapped for fuel. Three men set the wood and Jim on fire.

I saw the flames climb high on Jim. Jim screamed, prayed and cursed; he struggled so hard that he snapped one of the log chains that bound his ankles to the stake. I was looking into his eyes that second. They were popping with pain and terror, but at the snapping of the one chain, a flash of happiness shot into them. It soon vanished. The other chains held him to the rising fire.

Jim was still crying the curious "Oh, God! Oh, God damn!" when the flames reached up and burned his screaming voice into silence. The mob turned to go. It was about time for supper.

I saw and reported the lynching of John Hatfield in Ellisville, Mississippi, but there were at least 10,000 people in the pasture, not a mere 600 as there were at Rocky Ford. The district attorney, T. Webber Wilson of Laurel, later elected to Congress, was there. I got an interview out of him about the matter after he had stood on the running board of an automobile and made a speech to the mob.

In the noon edition of the state's biggest newspaper, The Jackson Daily News, Editor Frederick Sullens definitely announced in an eight-column front-page streamer that Hatfield would be lynched promptly at 5 p. m. He was. I had to drop from a tree behind him to escape bullets fired at his swinging body.

Every time a bullet hit an arm, out it flopped like a semaphore. The legs didn't flop so easily. My newspaper account of it said that not less than 2,000 bullets were fired into his body. One of them finally clipped the rope. John's body fell to the ground, a fire was built around it, and John was cremated.

That night something else happened. A grinning man in Laurel exhibited to a sidewalk crowd a quart jar filled with alcohol, in which a finger cut jaggedly from a Negro's hand bobbed up and down.

"I got a finger, by God," the grinning man said. "And I got some photographs, too."

He passed them around. One showed John hanging from the tree, his bullet-riddled body naked except for a pair of olive-drab army breeches. Another showed a smoldering pile of ashes beneath a dangling rope.

"These photos," the grinning man said, "are twenty cents each." He sold out quickly. I bought some myself, as many as I could, and tore them up when I got out of sight.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ain't nobody can buy this finger," he announced proudly. "I cut it off'n him myself. Gosh, but that nigger was tough—tougher than the withers of a bull, by God. I like never to have sawed through it with a knife, but I did. He screamed like a woman when I done it, the yeller——."

He said it in expressive language.

"We orter kill more of 'em around here," he amplified. "Teach 'em a lesson. Only way I see to stop raping is to keep on lynching. I'm goner put this finger on exhibition in my store window tomorrow, boys, and I want you to drop around."

He grinned again.

"And don't forget to bring the ladies!"

I have witnessed four other lynchings, and have had reason to question the veracity of certain reports of mysterious deaths to black men in the few years I have been a newspaper reporter in the South.

Not many years ago a Negro was found on a roadside near a logging camp, dead from a badly battered head. A local investigation ceased with a report that it "appeared" he had "met death in falling from a wagon." Since it is a common practice in the South to use physical means to run any "undesirable" Negro away from a logging camp, is it not possible that the pursuers may have become too zealous in the means to accomplish their desire?

In such an unexpected termination of a playful little chase, "death by natural causes," "falling from a wagon," "accident," or even "unknown causes," save the trouble of a courtroom explanation at the expense of the already heavily burdened taxpayers, especially if the victim's skin is black.

"That is not lynching. That is murder," a friend of mine protested when I recited the case. It satisfied him that the fair name of his state had not been scratched with another "x" at Tuskegee Institute for another lynching. To him there had to be a rope or a fire to constitute a bona-fide case of Judge Lynch in action.

Murder, assault, "throwing stones" and "being a bad nigger" are some of the reasons other than rape I have heard assigned as the causes of recent lynchings.

Whatever the immediate cause assigned, it seems to me that the generating cause is overlooked. It is this: In the sections where the lynching toll is heaviest, there is a noticeable lack of crowd-drawing amusements and a type of employment that permits abandonment on sudden notice and a return at convenience without inviting the loss of a job.

Lynchings are rare in industrial sections and in cities. The Northerner will say that Northern residents are more law-abiding than their so-called "hot blooded" Southern friends. The real reason, it strikes me, is that in the sections where lynchings are rare there is something more than law-abiding citizenship and law-enforcing officers—there is a type of employment that does not permit employees to rush out at a moment's notice to join a lynching bee; and since mobs gather courage in proportion to number, the lack of available men sharply curtails the field operations of Judge Lynch.

In the sections where lynching records are heaviest there is a dominance of the type of work that permits sudden abandonment, like work in the fields. Few Southern cities of any size are now reporting lynchings within their corporate limits. Judge Lynch flourishes principally in the smaller towns or isolated communities, where the matter of raising a mob is a quick and simple process, unhandicapped by working conditions that make it necessary for a man to punch a clock, get a leave of absence or throw up his job to get away for an afternoon of amusement at a lynching.

In sections where there are few or no night attractions for the restless element, the crowd that gathers on the street corners or at the forks of the road is highly available material for a lynching party. Perhaps a few more picture shows, or even pool rooms and dance halls, would distribute the restless element sufficiently to keep it well occupied and amused until time for bed.

It is an obvious thesis that idleness has accelerated lynchings independent of all other causes in the past two years. Official figures show a sharp rise of the lynching graph since the beginning of the depression in America. In 1927, 1928 and 1929—years of reasonably widespread prosperity and instalment contentment—the lynching graph was running along at a rather calm level. Up it shot in 1930—more than 150 percent. The depression may or may not be to blame, but there seems to be a damaging case of circumstantial evidence. Moreover, the depression brought a sharp increase in the number of attempted lynchings. Judge Lynch endeavored to get into action thirty-seven more times in 1930 than the vital statistics show. He was defeated principally by the hasty removal of intended victims from the mob zone; several times he was defeated because his followers lacked the courage to look up the barrel of a national guardsman's rifle.

There were twenty-five lynchings in 1930, compared to ten in 1929. In 1929, before the crash, people generally were in a fairly good and unsuspecting humor. In 1930, the depression invaded everything from Broadway to the R. F. D.'s. Tempers grew short and ugly, restlessness demanded an outlet, hysteria became cyclonic—and lynchings more than doubled.

In Mississippi, for example, there are more men out of work today than at any other time in the history of the state, according to a survey made by Holt E. J. Ross, president of the State Federation of Labor. Such a situation not only sets up the danger of idlers taking the law into their own hands with real or imaginary criminals, but it gives added hours for crime commission.

Dennis Murphree, candidate for reëlection as Governor of Mississippi in a 1927 primary, went

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so far, from a hard-boiled Southern political point of view, to prevent a lynching in the capital city of Jackson that he mobilized the national guard and threw up a barbed-wire barricade around the jail.

The Negro involved was hanged by due process of law, but Governor Murphree went down to defeat at the polls a week later by more than 10,000 votes. The man who succeeded him, the present Governor Theodore G. Bilbo, has called out the national guard to hunt a few criminals, but thirteen lynchings have occurred under his administration.

Georgia and Mississippi have long been engaged in a neck-and-neck race for the lynching honors. Their methods and provocations are largely the same. In Darien, Georgia, two Negroes loitered near a bank. Questioned by the night watchman, they shot him and fled. They were captured and jailed, but the mob invaded the jail and shot them to death. In DeKalb, Mississippi, two Negroes robbed a man and his wife, tourists, of less than $200 and, so the reports from that inland section said, threatened an attack upon the woman. Deputies taking them away for "due process of law" were overpowered and the setting of the sun silhouetted two swinging bodies against the west.

A mob took Harold ("Doc") Jackson from a jail at Poplarville, home town of Governor Bilbo. A rope was tied to "Doc's" neck, and fastened to a bridge support. He was told to jump down toward the creek. Whether he jumped or was shoved off the coroner's jury did not say. But the next morning his lifeless form was dangling from the bridge.

The Governor sent a "law and order" telegram to the high sheriff, a grand jury was thrown into extraordinary sessions, and instructions were given it by the presiding judge to learn the names of the members of the mob and to bring in first-degree-murder indictments. For five days the jury deliberated. But its official report stated that "in view of the extreme precautions used by the mob, we have wholly failed in our efforts to apprehend them."

They cannot claim all the failure. The Negro uplift societies, the white nobility aligned with associations for the advancement of the colored, the ministry, the law, the state, the advocates of the Dyer anti-lynching bill and the great American press have failed to do half so much toward eliminating Judge Lynch as have, without effort and probably wholly without being heretofore credited with so doing, the radio, the movies, the dance halls, the hotel lobbies, the pool rooms, good roads and cheap automobiles.

HILTON BUTLER.

Notes on Facism in Italy Today: I

THIS SHORT series of articles is neither pro-Fascist nor anti-Fascist. Out of many visits to Italy, my last visit, from which I have just returned, happened to be that in which I had most occasion to observe the whole subject of Fascism. One thing at least I have learned, and that is the absurdity of any outsider's setting up a fixed judgment in the matter. Less than ever would I set myself up now as either Fascist or anti-Fascist. More than ever am I astonished at the certainty with which some of my American friends speak. These notes do not deal with the more distinct and familiar points regarding Fascism. I shall try to indicate certain points, more elusive perhaps, more special, but based on an extended acquaintance with Italy and the Italians, and not without comment on Fascism, not as a mere theory, but as an Italian movement and problem. Nor shall I put my remarks into phrases that explain everything evidently to everybody except to me. Only yesterday I heard that some statistics were to be assembled on Progressive Education. I had to be told what that was. I will not be writing, therefore, of Economic Conditions, the Unemployment Problem, Militarism, Syndicalism, Progress, et cetera, et cetera; and shall have to trust to the reader's intuition as to the serious import of my notes.

There is no need to stop over the differences between Fascism and Democracy, whatever they may or may not be, nor to discuss the difficulty in one race's understanding another, especially where interests are concerned. But I may stop at another point. This is the tendency we all have, when we make comparisons between two systems, to regard one of them as perfect in its own kind. I mean exactly this: when we compare Fascism with our own system of government, we speak as if our system, all its aims and theories, were in the most ideal condition, everything working like a clock. When, in sum, we set X up against Y, we find ourselves arguing on the assumption that X is really X, not a mere mess and hash of the ideal X. We could discuss the censorship in Italy as if our lack of official censors implied that we had no censorship of any kind. Whatever the end of the argument might be, we could claim that, at least by our system, the Principle of Liberty is left intact. For that matter so are the stars in heaven (or were so until the new theories of relativity made trouble in time and space).

We might shift the direction for a moment and consider an Italian reading of the United States: 33,000 people a year killed in automobile accidents; hundreds of innocent girls and women trapped by the vice squad and sent by the courts to prison; billions robbed from the nation by racketeers; fa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mous gunmen openly known, mentioned daily in the newspapers, but going free; wedding parties held up with sawed-off shotguns; great bootleggers, famous speakeasies; police arrested as partners in Long Island rum-running; immense scandals in Washington, involving former Presidents; 600 cases a day in the court of little Coney Island; Mooney kept in the penitentiary, though the commission sent by President Wilson found nothing against him—the judge who made the decision afterward recanted, the strongest witness retracted his testimony; bank presidents and trustees convicted of wholesale fraud; these and a thousand startling details to be gleaned from the English and American newspapers that come to Italy; not to speak of the testimony of the movies, in which crime scenes, night-club debaucheries and anatomical love duets are presented as if they were a matter of course in our daily life. Might not this Italian easily conclude that democracy was a poor form of government? He might even decide that it was a poor government for the United States.

No, it is always better to remember that we are not making our decisions in an ideal world, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and so grant to another nation the possibility of its own diet.

Points to Be Taken for Granted

Among those who speak and write so readily on the subject, certain things relating to Fascism may clearly be taken for granted. Such persons must be fully read in such points as these, for instance: Syndicalism in Italy, its relation to and difference from French syndicalism as formulated, for example, by George Sorel. The so-called "integral syndicalism" of Italy, and its policy with regard to the capitalist and the worker, to be distinguished from the Sorel scheme for the final elimination of all but the worker as the governing force. The free-town movements six or seven centuries ago, a section of Italian history well studied by Fascist theorists. The presence of the 250,000 Germans in the new territory acquired by Italy in the World War, and the problem of assimilating them into a united Italy; the threat of an Italian-German accord, and its effect on this problem. The basis of its claim when Fascism calls itself democratic. The reforms of Fascism, apart from running the trains on time, so famous among tourists; which is to say, among other reforms, the Institute for the Protection of Maternity and Infancy, whose establishments and efforts are now widespread, and represent an attempt in that direction to an extent never before known on the Mediterranean, that world so fertile, so prodigal of life; the encouragement of sports, the education of the youth of both sexes through athletic and club organizations, the newness of this in a Latin country; the system of street cleaning that the American investigator, returning last year from two years' research over the Continent, pronounced the most advisable and the most efficient in the world. We may or may not like all these systems and changes, but at least, as critics of Fascism, we are familiar with them, as well as with the history of the Risorgimento and the ancient problem of the Church and State.

It is time to consider a few points that are less accessible, more dependent, perhaps, on some residence, shall we say, in Italy.

Translation

It happens that about half of our English language derives from the Latin, and that we are apt to feel in many of these Latin words an effect of sonority, eloquence, exactitude or formality, sometimes even of high-horse. It happens at the same time that many of these Latin words survive in almost the same form in Italian also, but very often with somewhat different meanings or—even more elusive—completely different stylistic levels or qualities or effects. I have heard a child of five say to another who took two fists of cherries that it was *esagerato,* and a little boy in a game shouting *continuo io,* as if he were Cicero. Imagine our little boys saying there was exaggeration in the number of cherries snatched, or "Continue I" in a game of hopscotch! These are baby incidents, of course, as are such cases—there are thousands—as *parente,* which means not merely your father and mother, but one of your kin. We need, therefore, little imagination to picture how the most ordinary Italian, from newspapers, government statements or Mussolini's speeches, might be made to sound high-flown, bombastic, operatic, oily or futile, if poorly translated into English.

It is a fact also that many of our newspaper representatives in Rome know Italian but partially. Some know Italian; some at best might read it more or less but could not follow a spoken discourse of Mussolini's. What eventually appears in our press is sometimes maliciously turned to produce other effects; sometimes through ignorance it is distorted or quite wrong. Of these results I give two illustrations; they must serve the moment. One is the reference, in the newspapers and in humorous or satiric magazine writing, to D'Annunzio as the Prince of the Snowy Mountain. How jolly that is, and what a silly country and government it must be that will confer such a title on the bald and animated poet and war hero! As a matter of fact, Montenevoso is merely the name of a geographical spot; and to be called the prince of it is no more absurd than to be called the Bishop of the Oyster Bay, the Governor of the Father of Waters, the President of the Rock Island.

As an illustration of crooked translations from Mussolini, I remember one sentence which was widely quoted in leading journals and at the sight of which one might well conclude that Mussolini had really at last gone out of his head. The statement was that, according to the Duce, every Italian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had become a citizen of some new country should stand by his own country, meaning Italy. What Mussolini really said was exactly the opposite; the word used implied the country that had now become proper to this Italian, to it he must give his first allegiance. What Mussolini's general attitude on double nationality may be, is another matter; we are concerned here only with the startling version of that sentence.

I will not say that such Italian speeches and articles as come by way of Paris and French are always relayed to us in their strictest form and meaning.

Propaganda

The whole world nowadays is generally understood to be "selling" itself; which follows the universally accepted idea of publicity that rules us. The simplest being can hardly imagine anyone's not wanting to be in the public eye; and it is taken for granted that among the nations each is up to as much propaganda as possible. The prosperity of propaganda, as Shakespeare said of the jest, lies, of course, in the ear of the hearer. With this in mind, and taking it by and large, one must say that the French are the best at the game. They manage never to forget their own interests; they declaim, boast, squeal, debate and demand better than any other country in Europe; they fly their own banners; and they have a brand of words and persuasion to which Americans are peculiarly sensitive. The stream of American tourists, rich or poor, drunk or sober, cultural or acquisitive, makes Paris an excellent port of entrance for French propaganda in America. The tact, charm and awareness of the French diplomatic and consular agencies in America is remarkable. The English, when they need it enough to bestir themselves, can do good enough propaganda among us, partly because of their knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon mind, which, after all, is their own and more or less ours. I remember once saying to Sir Edmund Gosse that I could not but believe that by some cosmic bookkeeping the lies sent over by the British during the War would be charged up to them. He, together with Lord Balfour and others, had been, I believe, at the head of some propaganda board. "Yes," he replied to my remark, "in fact, we were only surprised at the extent to which you swallowed it."

For propaganda the Italians have no talent. They love their towns, their past, their glories, their triumphs in art and thought. They consider their part in the War rather thankless but fair enough; and think their 600,000 men lost, as compared to the English 700,000 and the French 800,000, fair enough, all things considered. But their presentation of themselves abroad is likely to be sporadic, impulsive, often inattentive, or in a key that is not well adapted to the temperaments of the people at whom it is directed. Some of this lack of facility in making propaganda for themselves, in selling themselves abroad, is, taken in itself, an admirable quality. I myself like them for it. But in the greedy and vulgar scrimmage of the modern world, the wide reliance on publicity, the need for mutual understanding among nations, it is, nevertheless, a great disadvantage to them. I spoke of this poor gift for propaganda in the Italians one day to Mr. Grandi, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, a man of the greatest sincerity, sensitivity, moral seriousness and balance. It was true, he admitted. "But the thing to remember," he said, "is that we are a country people." The profundity of this remark will be understood only by knowing both the Italians' sense of the land and the difference, when it comes to push and publicity, between a society that rests on the industrial and a society that belongs to the land.

In a second article I want to speak of the censorship, the dialects, Italian Catholicism and other aspects of the Fascist scene.

Stark Young.

TWO SONNETS

These Bones

These bones are scraped of all their wintry flesh;
there's nothing left but chalky mathematics.
Observe once more the geometric mesh
and find the thin spark at its acrobatics,
the dancing wisp, the ever-turning luster,
the glowing atom of a universe
that darts between these curving ribs that cluster
like frozen weeds snow-bowed where winds disperse.
This is the soul. This is the still enchaunted
fire of Saint John that burns with bluest stain
above the silver scaffolding yet haunted
by the arctic moonlight of the icy brain,
by the angular shadows—sigil of cold doubt—
until we crumble and the spark goes out.

Herbert Gorman.

Dictum

Let him who will correct a lying page
And substitute his dictum for another;
His be the wisdom and the puny rage—
I cannot tell one liar from his brother.
I cannot part one wave from every like
Marching against a shore which no man owns;
Ruins are the same, whatever lightnings strike;
Death walks and talks among whosever bones.

Only a little knowledge shall I claim:
I took this path, however sharp with briar;
Air is a subtle food; the sun is flame;
I am a fervid, most ignoble liar—
Who see a thrush, and sniff the burning wood,
Acrid as pain, and call it very good.

Lynn Riggs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Hoover Bucks Up—A Moratorium on Critics—
The Approaching Campaign—
Charlie's Dilemma

ONE OF the interesting results of Mr. Hoover's final and practically complete success in putting through his moratorium is the effect upon him personally. All those who saw and talked with him during the negotiations and who have seen and talked with him since have been struck by the change. In particular, I think the gentlemanly "corps of correspondents" have been impressed individually and collectively with the fact that the unexpected felicity of the outcome, after a whole day in which the plan seemed at least partially wrecked by the recalcitrant French, did something to Mr. Hoover.

I should say that the chief thing it did was to restore his confidence in himself. Up to a few weeks ago, the bad luck which dogged his steps, combined with his own political ineptitude and the vigor and force of his political opponents, had contrived not only to dampen the most radiant spirits among the regular party leaders, but to envelop the President himself in a melancholy mist through which he moved moodily and without what seemed a clear sense of direction.

It is true that things had broken badly for him with a curious consistency for a long time, and the apparent permanency of the economic depression was enough to get on the nerves of a less temperamental President than Mr. Hoover. There were some signs that he was beginning to get a slight persecution complex, and the White House atmosphere was not a bracing one. The whole tone has changed since the agreement with the French, and, as the "boys of the press" troop in these Tuesdays and Fridays, they are greeted by a far brighter and more buoyant Hoover than they have seen since those early days of the administration, when he announced that noble but completely unsuccessful plan of reorganizing the Republican party in the South along respectable and non-patronage lines.

Of course, when one considers the clear political effect of the moratorium, it is not difficult to understand its effect upon Hoover. Beyond question it has changed the outline of the national political picture in such a way and to such an extent as to compel a rearrangement and readjustment of the pre-convention campaign plans of the opposition, both in the Democratic party and in his own. So far as political results are concerned, it makes slight difference whether Mr. Hoover was urged, pushed and prodded into action, or whether the idea was his own and his proclamation came without inside advice, counsel and promise of Democratic support. Moreover, so far as the public generally is concerned, it matters little that he waited until it was almost too late to save Germany from the crash—and quite too late to avert all danger.

Notwithstanding these points, which can be and are being justly made, the undeniable fact is that this moratorium for debts and reparations is the biggest thing that has occurred since the War. Furthermore, it is far and away the biggest thing in all his career, public or private, with which Mr. Hoover has had anything to do. Still further, he did it in a big way and with apparently complete success. What, in the final analysis, the political effect upon his desire for reëlection next year will be, remains to be seen. It depends, of course, upon the improvement in business conditions before the election.

If business has measurably improved, Mr. Hoover will be encased in an armor against which the attacks of his foes will be almost as futile as was the criticism of Coolidge during the campaign of 1924. On the other hand, unless the debt holiday has a stimulating influence upon domestic trade and a revivifying effect upon the economically sick countries of Europe, the vulnerability of Mr. Hoover as a candidate for reëlection will be pronounced and the accumulated resentment of the two tough years behind him will return, augmented and more menacing.

There are so many economic problems to be solved following the ratification by Congress of the debt proposal and so many things can happen to delay business recovery on this side of the ocean, that it is the sheerest guess whether conditions will have sufficiently changed for the better by October, 1932, to create in the Republican candidate for President the customary imperviousness to assault. At the moment, however, Hoover seems sitting on top of the heap and, as I have said, seems to have regained a degree of self-confidence which is plainly evidenced in his tone, his manner and his appearance—also in the absence of that look of patient suffering which has characterized the countenance of the secretariat for these many months past. As a matter of fact, he did function during the negotiations more in the manner of the Hoover whom the people believed they were electing President in 1928 than he has done since the election. He was at his best, and those who were in closest touch with him were enthusiastic in their testimony as to the surety of his decisions, the accuracy of his knowledge and the tenacity and resourcefulness with which he dealt with the French, who were far more difficult to deal with than the public was permitted to know or than those buttery but misleading words about the fine spirit with which they made their sacrifice would indicate.

But the whole business from beginning to end buoyed up Mr. Hoover, who had, during the negotiations, and still has so far as this question is concerned, the sort of nonpartisan journalistic support to which he has always thought himself entitled—and to which, I might say, except in this instance and the bonus-loan bill, he never was entitled. The only unmistakably sour note was sounded by the Hearst papers, and the only flat senatorial refusal to coöperate came from Hiram Johnson of California, in whose state the Hearst sheets are dominant and whose personal antagonism to Hoover is old, intense and hard to exaggerate.

As things are today, Hoover and the administration politicians are naturally rejoiced over the improvement in his political position and the extent to which his quite vanished prestige had been restored. Of course, within a reasonably short period the novelty of the moratorium will have worn off and it will again be possible to awaken a real public interest in domestic questions. Right now, even the almost tearful state of Vice President Curtis and Senator Arthur Capper over the wheat policy of the Farm Board and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consequent painful condition of the farmers in Kansas and elsewhere doesn't much more than gain the first pages of the papers for a day at a time. Neither this situation, which is acute and vital, nor the efforts of the Democratic committee to recall the horrors of the Grundy-Smoot tariff, nor yet the speeches of Mr. Wadsworth on the evils of prohibition, has succeeded in diverting the so-called public mind from foreign affairs. It will be, I think, some time before that can be done.

In the meantime, however, I see no reason why some mild amusement should not be extracted from the predicament in which the cautious Mr. Curtis now finds himself. Some weeks ago, when Hoover's fortunes seemed at the lowest possible ebb, Mr. Curtis, who has for a long time been wrestling with the problem of whether or not to seek the vice-presidential nomination again, undoubtedly decided against it. His "survey of the situation" at the time seemed to show so violent and unanimous an opposition to Mr. Hoover as to make plain the risk of being again his running mate.

As an alternative, Mr. Curtis could become a candidate for the Republican senatorial nomination in Kansas and be reasonably sure of both nomination and election. He would, of course, prefer to continue in the vice-presidency, which office he dearly loves, but caution indicated the senatorial path as the one sure way to avoid breaking an uninterrupted connection with the public pay roll of more than forty years. So, without committing himself definitely, Mr. Curtis let quite a few of his friends in Kansas and elsewhere gather the notion that the senatorial nomination has a greater allure for him than the other.

Various aspirants, including Hoover's friend, ex-Senator Henry T. Allen, became convinced that they would have to fight Curtis if they wanted the nomination, which fact was enough to take away the desire from nearly all of them. However, since Mr. Hoover's moratorium, the vice-presidential nomination seems much more desirable, and Mr. Curtis, whose interest in foreign affairs cannot be described as sustained, let two things become known: one, that he is in accord with the President in this moratorium matter, which he considers a very good thing indeed; and the other, that he has made no decision on the vice-presidency and will not until next winter.

His position would be perfectly comfortable if it were not for the terrible excitement in Kansas over the refusal of the Farm Board to pledge itself not to sell any wheat until the price has risen. So overwhelming was the feeling in Kansas that Mr. Curtis joined Mr. Capper in protesting to the Farm Board, whose chairman rejected their plea, and word went out that Mr. Hoover approved Mr. Stone's position and was in accord with the policy of the Board. This makes Charlie's situation anything but comfortable. If he responds to the extremely strong feeling in Kansas, he will have to carry the fight to the limit against the Board.

This means putting himself in opposition to Hoover and clashing with one of the administration's major policies. It might very easily render him unavailable as Hoover's running mate. On the other hand, if he weakens and fails to fight valorously against the Farm Board, President or no President, the enraged farmers in Kansas are going to feel betrayed by him and deeply resentful. There is here, it will be seen, a chance of Charlie's falling in between, getting himself in such a fix that Mr. Hoover will not want him on the ticket next year and the farmers at home will not want him for the Senate. Such a horrible possibility is certainly evident to so keen a political analyist as Mr. Curtis, and there is reason to believe that he is in no little pain as a result.

Washington. T. R. B.

Played Straight

THE LONGEST and most elaborate sequence in the new "Ziegfeld Follies" is a contrast between Broadway as it was before prohibition and Broadway in 1931. The first of three scenes takes place on a roof terrace outside a penthouse. The guests are having a swell time. The hostess, for no reason in the world, introduces Miss Universe, Miss United States and Miss Memphis, the winners respectively of the first, second and third prizes at the Galveston Beauty Contest. They look exactly like the other Ziegfeld beauties. Harry Richman enters, in the guise of a sentimental rounder who has been abroad for twenty years. To Hal LeRoy, a loose-footed adolescent, he laments the decline of Broadway and celebrates such vanished Edens as Rector's and Sherry's. The youth is unconvinced. Mr. Richman then sings, with tears in his gestures and sugar in his voice, an astounding piece of doggerel entitled "My Broadway Reverie." The scene appropriately changes to the Broadway of his dreams.

The scene changes to Rector's on the first night, say, of the 1914 "Follies." There are real lace tablecloths, velvet hangings, polite waiters, Diamond Jim Brady, champagne in buckets and Lillian Russell in an elaborate gown. Kae English impersonates Hazel Dawn and, on the violin, renders "The Pink Lady Waltz." Jack Pearl, as the dead spittin' image of Sam Bernard, asks the audience to tell him who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle when Rip Van Winkle was away. Ruth Etting does a creditable imitation of Nora Bayes. Harry Richman reappears, this time as the embodiment of a younger Al Jolson. The gestures are passable, but the voice is a Cordial Shoppe voice, strictly non-alcoholic. The scene changes once more.

We are introduced to the Club Piccadilly during the present year. Here the decorations are cheap and mechanical, the tables crowded, the waiters discourteous as they hustle about with trays of doctored whiskey and needle-beer. The master of ceremonies is a middle-aged pansy, well played by Albert Carroll. The songs are tough and slangy: the best of them is entitled "Was I Drunk, Was He Handsome, Did My Ma Give Me Hell?" An almost naked platoon of dancers comes goose-stepping across the stage. Miss Etting hoarsely enumerates the woes of the cigarette girl. Suddenly there are gangsters, shots, screams and darkness. Poor Hal LeRoy, the modern youth, expires in the arms of Ruth Etting, to the last strains of "Cigarettes, Cigars," while he pathetically murmurs, "Tell—the old fellow" (tell Harry Richman, he means) "that he was—right!"

Florenz Ziegfeld is right, too, in this idea which amazingly intrudes itself into the "Follies." Broadway in 1914 was really Theatre Street, the most tinselly and glamorous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the world's highways. Something has departed from it: spaciousness, awe, velvet, champagne drunk from slippers. But the reason he assigns for the change is incomplete. Prohibition of course had its effects, but they were less important than those of several economic forces, including speculation in real estate. The type of amusement for which Broadway was famous attracted so many people that real-estate values quickly rose. Rents rose proportionately, till they reached the point at which Broadway could no longer afford to present the type of amusement for which it was famous. Rector's, for example, had disappeared long before prohibition.

The "Follies" survived, however. And the unexpected pathos of the sequence I have just described lies in its being a comment on the "Follies" themselves. They belong to an earlier age, that of Lillian Russell, Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes, of lavish draperies and simple minds. During the last ten years, the type of musical revue has changed. There is less sumptuousness, less glamor, less attention, perhaps, to picking woman-flesh; the new revues have a great deal more of honest dirt. Dirt there is in the "Follies," too, but it is offered inexpertly, half-heartedly, as if with regrets for the mere suggestiveness of the days before the War. A more significant change is the note of self-consciousness and self-criticism now present in most revues but totally absent in the "Follies." Heroes still are heroes for Mr. Ziegfeld; sentiment is never to be kidded; Mr. Richman recites his doggerel with a straight face and Hal LeRoy dies without a snicker. The "Follies" appeal to something within us that is honest and childlike and willing to be more or less enchanted by ostentation, rich fabrics and pink lights on flesh. In an age of sour humor and inexpensive irony, this is an attraction of an older type, a musical show played straight.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hunger March

SIR: On the afternoon of June 16, the town of Washington, Pennsylvania, had its first real sight of the striking miners.

Washington is situated in the heart of the soft-coal region of southwestern Pennsylvania. Its wealth is based on coal. It is surrounded on all sides by the miserable villages where coal is mined, where the bare yards are carpeted with refuse and where mountainous slate piles burn from one year's end to another. Yet until last month there were people in this pleasant, tree-shaded town who had never really seen a miner.

The descendants of the hard-bitten Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who settled this part of the country have mostly sold their coal, gas and oil and moved into town. Many have invested their money in coal stock, and some few have opened up mines themselves. They are all, like their ancestors, individualists; Mr. Hoover can depend on their support. Instead of looking on the depression as a maladjustment in our economic system, they describe it from the pulpit and in editorials as a chastisement sent from God for our luxurious living—though why those who have least should suffer most is not explained. The culture and social life of the town are dominated by and confined to the old stock; it has kept itself aloof from the foreigners, who have been flocking into the region for the last thirty years and now form the bulk of the industrial population.

For several weeks, the miners have been on strike against the condition of virtual starvation in which they have been living. Often they say, "We may as well starve fighting as starve working." Starving they are in any case, and they finally determined to present their plight to the people of the town and to the country authorities by holding a hunger march. Early on a gray, damp morning they began to assemble on the Fair Grounds. They came from every part of the county and by every means of transportation; many were on foot. There was talk of stopping the march, but the public of Washington in some inarticulate way let it be known that the miners were to be allowed to present themselves. The only restrictions imposed by the officials were that the marchers were to walk four abreast, keep a line open for traffic, keep moving and pass out of town again.

The parade started at three o'clock. It consisted of 8,000 or 9,000 persons—men, women, children, babes in arms, old people still with the manners of eastern Europe, young men and women very much Americanized, broad-shouldered Russians, light-eyed Poles and Croatians, swarthy Italians, giant Negroes. Marching side by side they took half an hour to pass the Courthouse, in an almost ominous silence. Hundreds of people for the first time in their lives saw just what miners looked like—found out that they were human after all, and underpaid, and hungry. But whether the Washington people will act on their knowledge is quite a different question.

Washington, Pa. RAY E. KNESTRICK.

The Scottsboro Case

SIR: It is with the profoundest sense of gratitude that we have read of the spontaneous interest evinced by several organizations, composed largely of white Americans, in the sad plight of the eight colored boys condemned to the electric chair by the state of Alabama, upon the charge of criminal assault. . . . In their efforts to help the boys the International Labor Defense and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People seem determined upon a course of mutual exclusiveness. The I. L. D. claims that it was first, and the N. A. A. C. P claims that the certificate of priority belongs to it. . . . The lives of these eight boys are wholly in the hands of the state of Alabama; in this regard they are helpless. Shall mutual bickering and recrimination on the part of these two fine organizations make them defenseless? God forbid! . . .

Let us petition all these elements of defense and justice to sink their differences, however meritoriously based, and to pool their every resource. . . . If they will do this, God, right, justice and the great heart of fair-minded America will be behind them . . . to help save these boys from intolerance and legalized lynch law.

WALTER CHENAULT,
Bloomington, Ind. Pastor A. M. E. Church.

New Russia's Primer

SIR: Stuart Chase's review of M. Ilin's "New Russia's Primer" in The New Republic of May 20 seems to miss the main points of that book. His review says in essence that adult Americans trail intellectually with Russian children because both will read "New Russia's Primer," that while Russians are today studying economics, Americans, with their imaginations dulled by our economic chaos, are feeding "on the sawdust gruel of Hollywood," and finally that M. Ilin is an engineer-poet and a philosopher-engineer because he has written a fascinating book.

A poet is either a writer of worth-while verse, like Milton or Tennyson, or a prophet and seer, like Isaiah, Carlyle or Ruskin. Spinoza and Kant, Hume and Hegel, are philosophers; but surely M. Ilin is not, for penning his thin volume. The Russian engineer himself would smile at such a claim for him. Plato and More, La Salle and Morris, Marx and Lenin, are seers and poets and social philosophers. For amid the misery and suffering of an ugly old order they dreamed and pictured a new world—that which the Russians are trying to build.

Why should Americans study elementary economics, since they already have everything Russia is striving for—except the social control? Materially and technically, Russia is borrowing most of her ideas from us. New to her, they are commonplace to us. One might as well question our intellectuality because we don't study English, whereas just-arrived foreigners do. Since we grew up with both our language and modern industrialism, we need study the A. B. C.'s of neither.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally, "New Russia's Primer" is a fascinating account of Russia's attempt to realize the scientific socialism of Marx and Lenin. To America it says in essence, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Collectivism, and all other things will be added unto you."

Columbus, Ohio. EDW. G. PUNKE.

Americans and Bigness

SIR: I enjoyed so much Edmund Wilson's article about the Empire State Building in The New Republic of May 20. . . . Americans worship bigness. We have thought of our country as the biggest in a dozen physical ways, of our corporations as the biggest, of our millionaires and captains of industry as the biggest. Much of the devotion of the masses to the men who direct our national life is based on our illusion of their surpassing caliber. So with the Empire State Building . . . it is so very big, until something comes along truly large to serve as a measuring stick of a new kind. Russia's Five Year Plan is such a new measuring stick. By comparison it makes our biggest men, corporations, seem flealike, provincial—Russia is a bigger country. Think of the psychological effect on Americans, accustomed to think only in terms of American bigness, now that they see on the horizon something infinitely bigger. What becomes of even our biggest individuals and our individualism? The fetish our press agents have made of names like Henry Ford and J. P. Morgan is rapidly fading. And now along comes Litvinov with an idea compressed into a few words that is so BIG it makes the rhetorical balderdash exuded by our own "statesmen" sound like a foghorn. How the American ego is being deflated by this true bigness of aim shown by the Russians as they usher in what seems like the first "rational" epoch in human history! It is the very adoration of what is BIG that will win Americans over to Communism. . . .

Flint, Mich. CORWIN WILLSON.

The Wickersham Commission and the Mooney-Billings Case

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the enclosed letter from myself to Mr. Newton D. Baker, written to him in his capacity as a member of the late Wickersham Commission.

I haven't heard from Mr. Baker what his stand was on publication of the Mooney-Billings report in the last days of the Commission's life; I received from him only a courteous note acknowledging receipt of my letter and saying he was immediately forwarding it to Mr. Wickersham for perusal by the other members of the Commission. I haven't heard from any of the other members as to their stand, except that Judge Kenyon wrote to me just before leaving Washington saying that he had not seen the letter to Mr. Baker and suggesting that I shouldn't write any article on the matter for publication until I had studied the report by the subcommittee on legal lawlessness, dealing with prosecutions. He also stated that the Commission had become "used to criticism" by this time.

GARDNER JACKSON.

Washington, D. C.

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear Mr. Baker: You will perhaps recall our correspondence regarding the legal-lawlessness study of the Wickersham Commission and the Mooney-Billings case. On November 12, 1930, I wrote to you (and other members of the Commission) asking whether the Commission intended to include the Mooney-Billings case in its study. . . . I made these inquiries as "a journalist gathering material for a prospective discussion of several of President Hoover's major commissions." You promptly replied on November 14, 1930 . . . and referring specifically to the Mooney-Billings case, you said:

> I can only say I do not know how far, if at all, it is being investigated, but ordinarily a commission of the kind President Hoover has created cannot be expected to investigate and report upon individual cases, except as their investigation is a part of the material from which general conclusions can be drawn.

On December 29, 1930, I wrote to you again on the matter. . . . This letter did not reach you till after your return from a European trip when, on March 4, 1931, you replied as follows:

> I am so clear that the Wickersham Commission has no jurisdiction to conduct a proper investigation of the Mooney case and so clear that any correction of that situation must be brought about in California, and probably by Californians, that I doubt whether there is anything that would justify a further discussion of the case with me. It seems to me that the administration of justice in California, so far as it involves a violation of the laws of that state, is essentially a domestic problem, and that any outside attempt to intervene is more likely to have the effect of delaying and discouraging than expediting the local application of remedies.

This is a very different position from that taken by you in your first letter to me, when you said that the Wickersham Commission cannot be expected to investigate individual cases, "except as their investigation is a part of the material from which general conclusions can be drawn."

No one, so far as I know, has ever proposed that the Wickersham Commission investigate the Mooney or any other case "with a view to making recommendations as to their disposition . . ." as stated by Chairman Wickersham in a public statement and by you in your letter to me. The press announcements reported no such proposal either directly or by implication. . . .

The function of the Wickersham Commission in its legal-lawlessness study is, I take it, to report evidence of legal lawlessness and general conclusions therefrom. And where, may I ask in all respect, is this evidence to be found unless in concrete cases? And what cases can be more effective in establishing your judgment (and the Commission's as a whole) on official abuse of power and lawless methods in general than the cases which are widely known?

You will agree, will you not, that such cases will have far more effect in influencing the public mind than cases of which nobody has ever heard before? Furthermore, these cases involve the whole range of officialdom—from the police up through the highest state courts and commissions—and I assume that the Commission does not intend to limit its attention to the lower officials. We can scarcely expect the police to avoid improper methods when they know men in higher official positions practise them. . . .

It is a matter of general knowledge among the Washington newspaper correspondents that the Judge Kenyon legal-lawlessness subcommittee is making a study of the Mooney-Billings case. I sincerely hope that you will not be one of the Wickersham Commission to be discovered by these correspondents (and through them, by the public) as refusing to sanction a report of highly pertinent legal-lawlessness evidence.

Implicit in your letter of March 4 to me is your recognition of legal lawlessness in the Mooney-Billings case, the need for what you call "the local application of remedies." That being so, I do not see how you can oppose a report on this material by the Judge Kenyon subcommittee. In his press release of December 22, 1930, Chairman Wickersham said, "At a meeting of the Commission held November 24, 1930, some correspondence regarding the desire of certain people to have this Commission consider and make some recommendations regarding the Mooney case was brought to the attention of the Commission. . . ."

If, by chance, that refers to my letter to various members of the Commission, I want to repeat that neither I, nor anyone else I know of, has suggested that the Commission "make some recommendations" in the case or that the Commission "intervene," to use your phrase. All that I suggested then, and all that I suggest now, is that the Mooney-Billings case, the Centralia cases, the Sacco-Vanzetti case and others furnish extremely significant, illustrative legal-lawlessness evidence for the formulation of the Commission's judgment on the widespread charges of official misuse of power. . . .

I will be deeply relieved to hear from you that you have changed the position you took in your letter of March 4, because, while I am writing as "a journalist gathering material" on the Commissions, I am also, as is obvious, a human being considerably disturbed by the trends of American justice which I have experienced and which I see in the Mooney-Billings case.

GARDNER JACKSON.

Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Author of "John Deth"

The Melody of Chaos, by Houston Peterson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 280 pages. $2.50.

IT IS COMFORTING to know that Mr. Peterson's exhaustive analysis of the work of Conrad Aiken was begun while the poet was still a legend to that public to which he has been recently introduced by a Pulitzer prize. This study of Aiken was planned and indeed partly written before the "Selected Poems" appeared in the autumn of 1929. To Mr. Peterson, therefore, must go the credit of being the first critic to see the poet's work as a whole and to discover in it a philosophical design, an "intellectual program," that has been overlooked by all previous critics whatever. Among these the present reviewer testifies to his own presence. Mr. Aiken is one of the most prolific poets of his time: during the twenty years of his career the critics have been criminally inattentive. But suddenly, alone of his generation, Mr. Aiken is the subject of a large critical volume.

Mr. Peterson is well qualified for the task as he conceives it. He has a minute and sympathetic knowledge of Aiken's entire work; he has besides a respectable philosophical learning, from which he sketches the background of the poet's ideas; and he knows the literature of romanticism. All this he brings to bear upon his subject. His method is admirable. In the first chapter, "Mania Psychologica," he describes the contemporary interest in the mooted existence, the nature, the function and the limits of consciousness—as distinguished from the nineteenth-century preoccupation with astronomy and biology. This is familiar ground. But Mr. Peterson's argument is always directed to his task, which is to show that Aiken has examined consistently, in one long poem after another, all the implications of the modern belief in a discrete and pluralistic soul. He is, therefore, says Mr. Peterson, the philosophical poet of his generation.

Each long poem receives a chapter. Written in 1915, the first of these is "The Charnel Rose," a study in nympholepsy, the extreme form of romantic idealism; it foreshadows the poet's later and fully developed interest in specific theories of psychology. "The Jig of Forslin," a study in "vicarious experience," exhibits this interest full-fledged; it is the exploration of the mind of a man in a great modern city, who is cut off from direct experience—a living instance of the drift of psychological theory toward the idea of a mind without individuality or personal identity. "The House of Dust" carries on the experiment, and anticipates Joyce, in part, as well as the *unanimisme* of Romains, Waldo Frank and Virginia Woolf. The next poem goes further: "Senlin" is a piece of speculation on the existence of personal identity itself. And it is followed by a somewhat more dramatic poem, "The Pilgrimage of Festus," which delves into the miscellaneous compulsions of the ego that leave the poet skeptical of the reality of the self in the medieval sense. "Punch: The Immortal Liar" is a buffoon driven by a psychological mechanism—a buffoon because he is so driven. While these poems were being written, Mr. Aiken was developing the theme of the *danse macabre,* in what are probably his two best and most powerful poems—the early "Tetelestai" and the allegory "John Deth," the most recent of the longer works.

Not only for his subject but for contemporary poetry, Mr. Peterson does a great service in showing that Aiken was the pioneer of many methods usually accredited to other poets. "The Jig of Forslin" is perhaps the first poem in English whose structure is at once "symphonic" and philosophical in the manner in which "The Waste Land" is a mixture of meditation and musical effect. Fletcher's symphonies, of course, anticipate Aiken's, but theirs is a method apart. Aiken's originality lies in his brilliant adaptation of Fletcher's method to the moral implications of psychological theory. The interwoven melodies and symbols, the contrapuntal repetition of theme, become the obvious vehicle of the subrational lives of his characters. Mr. Peterson takes a particular and just pleasure in censuring the early, short-sighted opinions of Mr. Aiken's early poems. Aldous Huxley, for example, reviewed "The House of Dust" in The Nation and Athenaeum in 1920, but ignored the prefatory remarks on the poetical possibilities of musical form: several years later, in "Point Counterpoint," as the title implies, Huxley described his own intention: "The musicalization of fiction. Not in the symbolist way . . . but on a large scale, in the construction." As Mr. Peterson says, this was precisely Aiken's intention in "The House of Dust." In the same review, however, Huxley writes a criticism of Aiken not so easily refuted.

He says: ". . . he will have to find some new intellectual formula into which to concentrate the shapelessness of his vague emotions." Peterson replies: " . . . the outstanding merit of Aiken's poetry is its intellectual formula, which no other author has elaborated so rigorously or so effectively." Whether or not Huxley is at fault, and I think he is for imprecision, Mr. Peterson apparently misses the drift of his criticism, and thus fails to get to the heart of the problem that Aiken's long poems try to solve.

Admittedly Mr. Aiken has his formulas, and admittedly he gets them from the psychologists. Why then should we not go directly to them rather than to Mr. Aiken? Taken over as literally as Mr. Aiken takes them (with that romantic naïveté which eagerly seizes upon the terrible truth) and dissipated by metaphor, they collapse in the "shapelessness" that Huxley remarked. The poems are beautifully written, but they have no direction. A psychological theory of disunity makes this inevitable; nor are we consoled by reflecting that back of the poetry there may be psychological truth—a truth more coherently expressed, however, by the psychologists. Psychology cannot give to art a compelling and unifying symbol of its picture of a multiple soul. It is not that Mr. Aiken lacks intellectual formulas, but rather that he has too many that are not sharply differentiated and brought to heel by the imagination. The people in "Troilus and Cressida" suffer the moral disorganization that is supposed to follow after modern psychology; but Shakespeare's method is not in the least disorganized. Moreover, the imitation of disorder that Eliot achieves in "The Waste Land" is very different from Mr. Aiken's aimlessness—an effect produced by a constant elaboration of metaphor unrelieved by any of those illuminating statements with which Webster will suddenly draw a whole play together. Mr. Aiken's intellectual formulas (with an exception to be noticed) do not permit him to make any artistically unifying statements about his disorder. This is one of the faults of the nineteenth-century romanticism from which he derives.

But his case is different from that of the English romantics, who could still use the ready-made forms of medievalism and the classical world. His substitute for external form becomes a method of exposition based on musical analogy, which is very different from an actual musical composition. The absolute abstraction of subject matter necessary to musical form constantly wars with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emotional, imagistic and rational content, whose tendency is always toward logical form. Moreover, the logical and the musical forms require different spans of attention; the musical rhythm twists or thins out the subject matter; and the proper emphases of the subject matter violate the right periods and elaborations of musical form.

The single important work of Mr. Aiken's that avoids the perils of psychological theory and musical form is the beautiful allegory of the dance of death, "John Deth," which I feel that Mr. Peterson with too little zeal confesses a masterpiece. Here for the first time Mr. Aiken has found a simple, comprehensive idea, whose philosophical meaning is at all points identical with a rich symbolism and interchangeable with it; fully rounded and self-contained; having within itself, in the natural progression from birth to death, a formal limitation that gives direction to the hitherto wandering structure of the symphonic poems. Here is an intellectual formula which is more than that. Not only this, but Mr. Aiken's imagery is more concentrated and his verse stronger. We must not be alarmed when Mr. Peterson tells us that the germ of the poem is in Freud's "Beyond the Pleasure Principle," for the conception of life as the medium in which the organism must wear itself out toward its goal in death is as old as Western culture.

Perhaps Mr. Peterson—in spite of a certain impressionism of style which permits him to write phrases like "blank despair" and the "cruel austerity" of Hemingway—perhaps Mr. Peterson is a somewhat too intellectual man, and not in the very best sense. It is doubtful if he distinguishes a difference between the intellectual formulas of "Senlin" and "John Deth." He is inclined to rest his case for Mr. Aiken on his discovery that the poetry has a wide range of modern ideas; having made this discovery, he seems to feel that it is necessarily a discovery of great poetry. Poetry and a large range of ideas often go together; but neither proves the existence of the other. Whether Mr. Aiken is a great poet is a question for future criticism. Mr. Peterson is expository and interpretative, but not, with respect to the poetic quality, critical. And this is the reason why he is unkind to Mr. Aiken's contemporaries, notably T. S. Eliot, whose "Waste Land," in its "symphonic" character, "The Jig of Forslin" anticipated; he feels that Aiken's priority makes him superior. Eliot's poem has been widely praised, and Aiken's comparatively neglected, because Eliot's is the better poem. ALLEN TATE.

The Terror of the Damyankees

Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company, by Andrew Nelson Lytle. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 402 pages. $5.

MR. LYTLE contributed last year to that provocative symposium "I'll Take My Stand" an article celebrating the virtues of the plain people of the agrarian South. That theme is now the central one of his biography of General Bedford Forrest, and it gives to what is otherwise merely an excellent but unoriginal military study something of philosophical significance. For, to Mr. Lytle, Forrest was not merely a great cavalry leader and a military genius, but the protagonist of a provincial culture, the representative of a social class, that was the firmest foundation of the Confederacy. The book is, he tells us, "an attempt to show General Forrest as he developed into the most typical strong man of the agrarian South." And Mr. Lytle has infused his book with an admirable unity. The title itself is illuminating; not without design did Mr. Lytle include the "critter company" and use the idiom. And the style of the book is a happy vehicle for the personality it describes; Mr. Lytle uses a homely, earthy, idiomatic English such as he used in "The Hind Tit," and with equal success:

> Now the boys lie or stroll about the camps, chewing and smoking, drinking the good coffee they have captured, telling over their deeds, looking for lost buddies, and lazying before the big fires. Some of them have jabbed their ramrods into hunks of dough made up on the backs of their oilcloth coats, and are holding them before the fires to cook. . . . Somebody else, having nothing better to do, cackles like a hen. One of the critters says "shoo." . . . Other hens cackle, and others shoo. This grows until the camp sounds like a poultry yard stirred up over a mink or a weasel.

Bedford Forrest is not presented so simply, but as a medium for a social and historical interpretation. His dramatic qualities are not neglected. A magnificent fighter, cast in heroic proportions, ferocious of mien and of temper, physically brave to the point of recklessness—he had twenty-nine horses shot under him—audacious, indefatigable, cunning, shrewd and infinitely resourceful, loving his men and loved by them, though not as Lee was loved, he was one of the most picturesque characters of the Civil War. Both Lee and Joe Johnston are recorded as calling him the greatest soldier in the Confederacy, and he was the man most feared by Sherman and Grant in the West. It is the contention of Mr. Lytle that the failure of Davis to recognize in time the genius of this homespun cavalryman was fatal to the Confederacy; that had he but given Forrest command of the West, Vicksburg would not have fallen, and Atlanta would have proved another Moscow. And the failure to recognize Forrest was due, Mr. Lytle insists, to the villainous misrepresentations of Braxton Bragg, and to the infatuation of the Confederate administration for West Pointers and representatives of the planter class. Nor is Mr. Lytle alone in this contention. Allen Tate advanced the same theory in his "Jefferson Davis." The force of the argument is that it is social as well as military: the failure to recognize Forrest was not merely an isolated mistake in military judgment, but a deliberate ignoring of the plain people from whom Forrest sprang. "Davis and his advisers made one great mistake that overshadowed all the other errors of policy," asserts Mr. Lytle: "they chose to rest the foundations of the Confederacy on cotton and not on the plain people."

Now whatever the layman may think of the military competence of Braxton Bragg or of the judgment and prejudices of Jefferson Davis, the assumptions upon which Mr. Lytle and his school base their conclusions are, in the nature of the case, mere assumptions. That Forrest, amazingly successful with small bodies of troops, would have been equally successful with a larger command, is probable, but it is not susceptible to proof. That the man whose responsibility for the massacre of Fort Pillow has never been adequately explained would have been the ideal commander in the West is open to serious question. That success in the West would, in any event, have meant the victory of the Confederacy is possible but highly improbable. Such improbabilities are dangerously infirm foundations for the superstructure of theory and interpretation that Mr. Lytle constructs upon them, and they are not strengthened by the unsupported generalizations in which he all too frequently indulges. To insist that Davis had a "feminine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mind" is meaningless. To state that "Davis and Bragg were subconsciously determined to ruin Johnston even at the expense of the ruin of the Confederacy," and that "Davis sent Bragg west to spy on Johnston and to plot his downfall," is libel utterly without foundation.

Nor is the argument that the plain people whom Forrest represented were ignored in favor of cotton a sound one. The statement is, indeed, confusing, for it begs the question. There was no obvious conflict between the middle-class farmers and cotton—Forrest himself raised a thousand bales on the eve of the war—nor is there any convincing evidence that the Davis government did favor the planter over the small farmer. Indeed, the classes of the South were united by common interests and objectives far more than those of the North; there was less of class discrimination or class legislation in the Confederacy than in most governments of modern times. It would be interesting to know exactly what the Confederate government might have done for the plain people that would have ensured victory.

Mr. Lytle's book is, aside from these highly debatable theses and a contentious method of presentation, decidedly the most readable of the various biographies of Forrest. He has drawn the portrait of the redoubtable cavalry leader with strong full brush, in brilliant colors, and on a crowded but unconfused background. That the picture is that of "the most typical strong man of the agrarian South" is open to question. It is certainly a portrait of a frontiersman; possibly of an empire builder. It would hang just as comfortably in San Francisco or Minneapolis or Chicago as in Richmond.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.

She Didn't Walk Home

Born in Captivity, by Barbara Starke. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. 301 pages. $3.

THERE is a truer picture of the United States to be found in Barbara Starke's simple tale of a cross-country hitch-hike than in many a learned volume of statistical analysis and sociological data. This runaway girl from New England looked at the people she met with the surprised wonder of a child and records them with simple truth and honesty. She rode and talked with truckmen, salesmen, city officials, farmers, professors, cowboys, bootleggers and brokers. Most of them made love to her, but stopped when they saw that she did not respond. Sometimes she liked her drivers and slept with them. But whether she liked them or not, nearly all of them were kind to her.

The folks who picked her up as she trudged over wheat-fields and mountains knew that they would not see her again, and so they could be honest. Bootleggers showed her their hideaways and gambling halls. Serfs in company towns told of their endless battle for bread and shelter. Ex-convicts talked of the abominations of the penitentiaries. And while she learned how these people lived, the land slowly revealed itself in its infinite beauty and variety. Lying at night in a plowed field or beside a fire of sage and mesquite roots in the desert, she learned the full magic of the world of which she was a part. She drank up wonder with the thirst of a spirit parched in a Massachusetts mill town for nineteen years. When, after reaching the end of the westward road at Catalina Island, she returned to New York and became a stenographer, she knew that she was safe from the spiritual death which ugliness and Mrs. Grundy inflict on so many as the price of industrial civilization.

Anyone with a tendency to wanderlust had better leave this book alone, unless he is free to travel to the deer-haunted glades of the Kaibab Forest or the monstrous and misshapen rocks of Zion Canyon. It was in the Kaibab that "a light tan doe came unwittingly by me one morning as I sat on a log, stopped to stretch her neck up high and pull off a young spruce shoot, then turned her head back to lick a bit of fur on her sleek side." There are many such glimpses of beauty scattered through the book, in contrast to the poverty and squalor which the hobo girl with the big eyes saw, remembered and reported.

The pathos of the early chapters is a strong indictment of the conventional patriarchal code and of the futile and useless education so proudly administered to children in private schools and state universities. Few girls have the courage to escape from their parental enemies by walking penniless into the sunset, but perhaps "Born in Captivity" will help some of them to break away. For the less vitally concerned reader, it is an entertaining tale of social adventure, carefully truthful and written with a grateful simplicity.

HUGH HARDYMAN.

Paychecks for the Unemployed

Unemployment Benefits in the United States, by Bryce M. Stewart. New York: Industrial Relations Counselors. 727 pages. $7.50.

Unemployment Insurance in Great Britain, by Mary Barnett Gilson. New York: Industrial Relations Counselors. 560 pages. $5.

WITH COMPULSORY unemployment insurance a reality for 48,000,000 workers throughout the world, this generation has already witnessed revolutionary changes in the methods of handling unemployment and the unemployed. Whether or not we achieve, in the reasonably near future, a measure of control over the instabilities of industry, it is, I think, a fair conclusion that we are now only beginning the process of inventing elaborate programs of unemployment prevention and relief. Those who raise their hands in horror when they see a national chain of offices for the registration of the unemployed and the payment of benefits are destined to be more deeply shocked by the developments still to come. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that even our limited experience with unemployment insurance should so quickly have produced a most substantial body of literature concerned with explaining and analyzing, or defending and attacking, the many existing schemes of relief and control. Thus, within the last ten years, there have become available not only the invaluable reports of government commissions, notably in England and Germany, but also the bulletins periodically published by the International Labor Office and the critical treatises of Beveridge, Clay, Davison, Carroll, Morley, not to speak of thousands of articles on every phase of the subject.

Gradually the issues about which uncertainty prevails and controversy rages have been precipitated into a few clean-cut and simple propositions. It is these propositions which most of us have in mind when we talk about the "problems of unemployment insurance"; and it is difference of opinion regarding the importance of them that leads people to become advocates or opponents of this latest type of social insurance. In essence these issues have to do with the effects

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of alternative principles and methods of administration on the unemployed and on the capacity of industry to furnish employment. In brief, they raise the question whether the specific scheme of unemployment insurance tends to promote or discourage malingering; whether it facilitates or blocks the free mobility of labor; and whether it imposes on industry so heavy a financial burden as to discourage business enterprise and, hence, narrow the potential sources of employment.

For the consideration of this type of problem, studies of insurance against unemployment are likely to become more concerned with the details of practice and method than with abstract underlying principles. With this attitude toward the problem, the Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., began several years ago the preparation of a series of reports on the operation of voluntary and compulsory systems of unemployment insurance in the United States, England, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland, hoping thereby to set forth the results of experience under highly variable economic and political conditions. Of the series, two volumes on this country and on England have been published.

Bryce M. Stewart's survey of systems of unemployment benefits in the United States is by all odds the best, if not the only, source book on the subject. Against the background of an informed and dispassionate review of our use of temporary measures of public relief and public works through one crisis after another, the report presents the experience with the several forms of unemployment benefit adopted in this country—the benefit funds of trade unions, employers' and company funds, and the funds created by agreement between trade unions and employers. The materials so analyzed are not summary descriptions of the formal features of each plan, but constitute a painstaking examination of the history, rules and statistical and financial record. In addition to these items, the book contains a valuable analysis of legislation proposed in this country before 1930. Aside from the raw data, which are indispensable to the understanding of many of the problems of unemployment insurance, the contribution of Mr. Stewart's report consists in revealing the poverty of American methods of unemployment relief. As a result of the separate and combined efforts for many generations of labor organizations, employers and governments, less than 200,000 American workingmen were able during the depression of 1930-1931 to look for relief to organized unemployment funds, while the remaining millions were forced again, as in 1921, 1914, 1907, the nineties and other periods in our industrial history, to appeal to public and private agencies of charity.

This has not been England's way. Beginning two years before the War, successive English governments had by 1920 brought the bulk of the industrial wage-earning population, some 12,000,000, under a national scheme of compulsory unemployment insurance. Since then, this great English experiment in social legislation has become the symbol of economic ineptitude to the critics, and of social responsibility to the friends, of unemployment insurance. The critics of the scheme rest their case on the mounting debt of the fund, the violation of actuarial principles, and on the claim that the whole arrangement retards the recovery of English industry. Its advocates point to general standards of living among the working classes apparently higher than before the War, to the universal spread of unemployment among all the countries of the world, irrespective of their commitment to unemployment insurance, and finally to the entirely relevant argument that the distribution of unemployment benefits during the depression has in itself acted to sustain the purchasing power of the country, and has thus kept business from descending to even lower levels of activity. For the clarification of most of these phases of the problem, Miss Mary Gilson has written a discriminating and unprejudiced account of the great variety of elements in the English plan, on which a judgment of its soundness must rest. For several years, largely spent in England, Miss Gilson has combed the documents and canvassed all types of personal opinion. Legislators, business men and trade-union leaders who propose to build unemployment legislation wisely on the experience of others should find her book their first source of information.

LEO WOLMAN.

Easy Does It

The Square Circle, by Denis Mackail. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

HERE IS a tremendous lot of well bred gossip. The author endows Tiverton Square with his own humor, and the Square takes on the personality of a supremely curious observer. Sometimes the residents grouped about the sooty patch of greenery become involved with one another; in particular two gentlemen with Mrs. Gillingham, lady with a past, financially ruined by one and rescued by the other through the medium of United Controls. But there is less of the unsavory than this incident might imply, and there is delicate sympathy for children and for marriage.

Mr. Bristow, otherwise contented, suffers a baffling torment every time he meets Miss Carpenter in the Square. This is less because of her charms than because she is so young as to remind Mr. Bristow that he is going on forty. Nicolette Norton goes through a love affair, its pitiable conditions dictated by middle-class standards. Lady Poley, empress of snobs, launches a debutante granddaughter. Fathers behave with ineptitude and retire to their clubs in confusion. Among the children there is Esmé, who is neither prig nor pagan, but "only a queer one," who shares her sensitive solitude with young Neil Eastwood in the presence of the tiny imaginary world of his toy theatre.

Many people, done pleasantly enough, but one wishes there were less winning suavity in Mr. Mackail's work and more of that pictorial strength, as for instance, when he deals with Mrs. Mumsey, who "had died from fright, senility and malnutrition; while she . . . in some pitiful, inexplicable freak of bed-ridden vanity—had been trying to curl her own almost nonexistent fringe." And there is also a fine macabre touch in Sir John Malhuish: "That burning, desiccated, reptilian head as it rolled about on the pillow. . . ."

The author does more than make his Square an observing organism; he also exhibits the rotation of the year, by days and seasons. Again and again the residents have the illusion of making a fresh start—as in late September, January or early spring. And there are those warm Sundays, with everybody "in a general tangle of excitement, disappointment and unpreparedness." Weather and time combine to make fragments of eternity which householders interpret by domestic signs, as rubbers, chickenpox in the nursery, warm underwear. "The years go by," writes little Esmé in her twopenny notebook, "soon we shall all be dead." One is not to take it too seriously, however. In one of his final tempered lines, the writer says, "If we had chosen another year, perhaps—but no, we doubt if it would have made any difference." So one sees that easy does it, after all.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Notes

History

THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT, by Sylvia Pankhurst. *New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 631 pages. $7.50.*

Sylvia Pankhurst's long awaited history of the war in which the three Pankhursts were generals throws a floodlight on a story which came to us mainly in news-cable half-truths. For twelve years, from 1905, thousands of women waged against England's lawmakers an invincible campaign for civil rights. They broke windows, burned buildings, heckled Cabinet ministers, chained themselves to railings so their speaking could not be stopped, engaged in hunger and thirst strikes in jail, were forcibly fed and tortured by the police. One woman threw herself in front of the King's horse to halt the Derby, and died from a fractured skull—for the cause. At every turn the militants shamed the government. But in 1914 they were split by the War, and by Christabel's secret arson work; Sylvia contended for all action in the open. Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel became passionately pro-war; Sylvia was for peace, and was repudiated by her mother. In 1917 limited suffrage was won; in 1928 much more was gained. But great work is still to be done toward emancipating women. . . . It is too bad the publishers did not put a lower price on this book, which deserves wide reading; one hopes that libraries generally will make it accessible to the public.

The Social Sciences

THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT, by Margaret Wilson. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 354 pages. $3.*

Miss Wilson, the novelist, after living for a time near an English prison, came to the conclusion that the history of punishment shows a declining barbarism which has not declined fast enough. The ethical and psychological problems involved are more complex than the author seems to realize, but her eloquence should have a wide hearing. We need to be made aware of our cruelty.

THE CRIMINAL, THE JUDGE AND THE PUBLIC, by Franz Alexander and Hugo Staub. *Translated by Gregory Zilboorg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 238 pages. $2.50.*

A psychoanalyst and an attorney have here attempted to divide into its effective parts the nature of the criminal. Their thinking is subject to the criticism of oversimplicity which applies to all use of Freudian concepts, but they make a sensible plea for us to understand not only the offender, but our own attitudes toward him, and to make our treatment of him as rational as our tricky natures will allow.

THE SECOND OLDEST PROFESSION, by Ben L. Reitman. *New York: The Vanguard Press. 288 pages. $3.75.*

Dr. Reitman, who is a practising physician in Chicago, has specialized for thirty-five years in underworld activity. His diffuse but lively discussion of the ancient partnership between pimp and prostitute is the only readable treatise on the subject that has been written by an American. Although it is too outspoken for general library circulation, and not dispassionate enough to please the social anthropologist, the book, nevertheless, deserves respect, if only for its chapter on "The Pimp, the Reformer and the Learned Professions."

Three English Novels

SARABAND, by Eliot Bliss. *New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.*

Again it is the story of the sensitive soul. An English girl grows up, trying to make a pattern out of things. She is caught between a dreamlike childhood and the noisy reality of becoming an adult in city life. The text contains its own most apt criticism: "There was a clarity, a roundness, a luminosity about early emotions, that later on, tinctured and muddied by a growing experience, one did not get." The confusions of the heroine are finally resolved into falling in love with a violinist who also offers a resistance, though less terrified than her own, to the commonplace minds about them. In a gracefully mobile fashion, the countryside, girlish friendships and death play their parts along the way.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE GREYHOUND, by John Hampson. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.*

In an English country pub, between nightfall and midnight, is revealed a patch of human misery. At every turn the characters are true to themselves, created surely at the start and thereafter pursuing the old inevitabilities. Each one of them tries to attain to either fine or sordid ends, and each of them fails. In smoke-room, taproom and at the service bar, the almost sinister raciness of drinking miners and villagers is background to the story. Add a hanged greyhound for an accent on even sorrier events. A boy's love for his sister redeems the whole, makes it only one day's end after all. This is an unusually competent first novel.

SIMPSON, A LIFE, by Edward Sackville-West. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.*

Ruth Simpson is a nurse in a brown dress with a silver buckle at the belt, and in her imagination walking flame-edged paths toward a temple of children. The outward and inward picture of this life is complete and beautiful. One feels, as not often in books, the fragility that separates children from adult life. The Great War enters quietly, as it naturally would in relation to a Ruth Simpson, but with cumulative disaster. The book is perhaps a branch flowered from the sturdy pioneer root of Dorothy Richardson; its form, however, is not austerely subjective save only as it serves the ends of understanding. Throughout its excitingly well written pages "Simpson" bears witness to the fine truth of John Dewey, that "every existence is an event."

Contributors

Carleton Beals, whose recently published book "Mexican Maze" has been on the best-seller list, is at present in Mexico on a Guggenheim fellowship gathering material for a biography of Díaz. He recently rode through the wilds of Guerrero and Oaxaca, following the route of Díaz's longest march.

James Rorty, journalist, poet, advertising copywriter and contributor both to the business and to the radical press, is at present on a farm in Connecticut working on a novel.

Hilton Butler is a staff correspondent of The Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Herbert Gorman, the author of several volumes of verse, criticism and biography, the most recent being "The Incredible Marquis," is in Europe finishing a life of Mary Queen of Scots.

Lynn Riggs, author of the successful "Green Grow the Lilacs," which was presented by the Theatre Guild, has published a volume of his collected plays and a volume of verse, "The Iron Dish."

Allen Tate, who has one volume of verse and two biographies of Southern heroes to his credit, contributed to the symposium "I'll Take My Stand." He is at present on his tobacco plantation in Tennessee, completing a book of essays.

Henry Steele Commager is professor of History at Washington Square College and the author, in collaboration with Samuel Eliot Morison, of "The Growth of the American Republic," which was published by the Oxford Press last fall.

Hugh Hardyman, who came to this country from England a few years after the end of the War, has worked as newspaperman and, like Barbara Starke, the author of the book which he reviews in the present issue, has himself hitch-hiked throughout the United States, covering about 25,000 miles.

Leo Wolman was recently appointed professor of Economics at Columbia University and is chairman of the Seven States Commission on Unemployment Insurance.

Hazel Hawthorne, who contributed a story to "The Fourth American Caravan," is spending the summer in Provincetown, where she is completing a novel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESORTS

WALDHAVEN

Equipped Gym, Solarium, Tennis, Handball, Basketball Courts, Rowing, Horseback — Beautiful grounds. Reached in 2½ hours by rail, also by boat or bus—Rates—Boys 8-12 years, $10.—Adults, $25 weekly.

Write or telephone

Waldhaven, Saybrook Point, Conn.
Telephone: Saybrook 582
or
New York Phones: Navarre 8-8387
Murray Hill 2-1803

Enjoy Provincetown's bright blue days, Cape Cod's most picturesque art colony. Offering attractive rooms and good food in charming old house near Harbour. $25.00 weekly.

ANN CRATON
22 Pearl Street, Provincetown, Mass.

"WILLOWBROOK," located in beautiful Couhocton Valley, near Finger Lakes region, Steuben County. Open all seasons to limited number of guests desiring rest and recreation. Reservations made, prices reasonable.

Mrs. M. A. Stannarius,
R. D. No. 1, Avoca, New York

For Other Resorts See Page II

SHARE CABIN

MAN, 30, will share expenses for cabin or retreat in New England country for July. Write details: Box 611, The New Republic.

SUMMER RENTAL

BARGAIN, EMERGENCY, a nine-room house, improvements, garage, $175 for season. Isolated, beautiful wooded country. 75% furnished. Grand for children. Small stream. 14 miles from Poughkeepsie on first class road. Address: Box 612, The New Republic.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH,
ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c, short course, 9 to 9 daily, 18th year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

FOR RENT

STUDIO or large living-room with bath, kitchenette, equipped, furnished, serviced. $50 a month or by the week. Brophy, 20 W. 16th St., Phone: TOmpkins Square, 6-9129.

FOR SALE

Near Peekskill and Lake. Good commuting. All year round estate—24 acres. Fine early American Farmhouse, excellent condition; 3 fireplaces, 11 rooms, 2 baths, delightful attic of 6 rooms; situated on a knoll surrounded by sloping lawns—beautiful old trees, shrubberies, fruit trees, vegetable garden, gardener's cottage, barns, chicken houses, cow and horse stalls, garage. Beautiful surrounding country—must be seen to be appreciated. Can also be used to advantage as a high class inn. For quick sale, at $25,000. Address: Box 605, The New Republic.

SCHOOLS

ARE YOU SEEKING A SCHOOL ?

Then turn to the August issue of *Harpers Magazine* which contains the announcements of about 300 schools and colleges. Its School Section forms a most comprehensive Directory that will guide you to the school best suited to meet your requirements. On sale at all newsstands on July 21st.

Our School Booklet containing the announcements of most of the leading schools and colleges is a dependable school reference that will help you solve your school problem. Sent free on request.

Harpers Magazine
49 E. 33rd St. New York City

HESSIAN HILLS SCHOOL
CROTON-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

will open in the fall in its new modern building

Boys and Girls
Nursery thru Junior High School

GENERAL

REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrat of all outdoor wear—direct from makers. Sample free Suit-lengths by Mail. Carriage Paid.
JAMES St. TWEED DEPOT
159 Stornoway, Scotland.

BOOKS

A few autographed presentation copies of first edition William Faulkner's "The Marble Faun." Only one thousand copies printed of this first work. Write **Phil Stone, Oxford, Mississipi.**

UNUSUAL BOOKS

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Unusually illustrated volumes.

Send for Fascinating FREE Catalogues

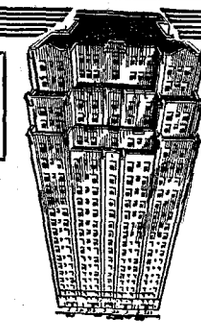
THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. R,
489 Fifth Ave., New York

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE

may be rented for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately-printed editions, unabridged translations and extraordinary new books. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

Esoterika Biblion Society
45 West 45th Street, Dep't C-6 New York City

HOTEL



Transient Rates
$1.50 per day up, with bath
$2 up

$8 to $14 WEEKLY

KENMORE HALL
145 East 23rd St., New York City
(Gramercy Park)

The Favored Residence of Artists, Writers and Professional people.

Club Life, Restaurant, Swimming Pool, Gym, Library. Spacious Lounges, Roof Garden. Separate floors for men and women.

BOOK BARGAINS

We have in stock one or more copies of the books listed below, unused and showing almost no shelf wear.

	Our Price
AVOWALS, by George Moore. Liveright. List $2.50	$1.25
THE STORY OF OLD NANTUCKET, by William F. Macy. Houghton. List $1.50	.75
LEONID ANDREYEV: A CRITICAL STUDY, by Alexander Kaun. Huebsch. List $3.50	1.50
HUNGER FIGHTERS, by Paul de Kruif. Harcourt. List $3.00	1.50
THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS (100 Poems), ed. by Charles Vale. Doran. List $2.00	1.00
TRIVIAL BREATH, by Elinor Wylie. Knopf. List $2.50	1.75
WOODROW WILSON, by William Allen White. Houghton. List $5.00	2.50
PHEASANT JUNGLES, by William Beebe. Putnam. List $3.00.	1.50
VARINA HOWELL, by Eron Rowland. Macmillan. List $4.00.	2.00
THE LOVE CHILD, by Edith Olivier. Viking. List $1.50	.75
IN THE EVENING OF MY THOUGHT, by Georges Clemenceau. 2 vols., boxed. Houghton. List $10.00	5.00
THE ART IN PAINTING, by Albert C. Barnes. 115 illustrations. Harcourt. List $10.00	5.00
ON PARADE, (Caricatures) by Eva Herrmann, Coward. List $3.00	1.50
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S DIARIES OF BOYHOOD AND YOUTH. Scribner. List $2.50	1.25
THE A. E. F. IN BATTLE, by Dale Van Every. Appleton. List $3.00.	1.50
CAVENDER'S HOUSE, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan. List $2.00	1.00
MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN HISTORY, by J. Salwyn Schapiro. Houghton, 1923. List $3.75	1.75
THE PEASANTS, by Ladislas Reymont. 4 vols., boxed. Knopf. List $10.00	5.00
THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, by Thornton Wilder. Boni. List $2.50	1.00
GOLDEN TALES, from Flaubert. Dodd. List $2.50	1.25
CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION by Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis. Harcourt. List $3.75	1.85

Postage Free

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE
419 W. 21st St., New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED